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Edin., 1792

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Edin., 1792



THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
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George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
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Apollo entwreathing the Sister Genii of England Scotland & Ireland

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X Glen 121.

THE
EDINBURGH
MUSICAL MISCELLANY:

A
COLLECTION

OF THE MOST APPROVED
SCOTCH, ENGLISH, AND IRISH

SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC.

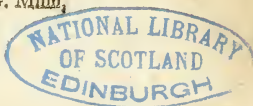
SELECTED BY D. SIME, EDINBURGH.



EDINBURGH:

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MDCCXCII.



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THE
PREFACE.

THE Editor of this Volume presents it to the Public as containing a selection of the most approved Songs, on different subjects, superior, it is hoped, to any thing of the kind that has hitherto appeared in this Country. In compiling it, particular attention has been paid, more, perhaps, than in any other publication of the same kind, to the fetts of the different airs, and the correctness of the music, which ought to be
a the

the principal recommendation in a work of this nature.

FROM the variety of the subjects selected, he flatters himself, also, that every lover of Harmony will find a certain number adapted to his particular taste. A place has been impartially given to the Scots, English, and Irish Songs, which have been considered, by the ablest judges, as possessing the greatest merit: and, from this circumstance, one great advantage will arise,---the giving an opportunity of comparing the particular character and genius of the different countries.

In

IN this Collection will be found, what has never appeared in any former Miscellany, many of the celebrated and much admired songs of Arne, Dibdin, Shield, Arnold, Hook, &c. by which the Public are put in possession of a number of the newest pieces, that before this could only be had separately, at a high purchase : And, from the professional abilities of the Compiler, it may be further added, that this Volume can be presented with a confidence such publications hitherto have not been entitled to.

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THE
EDINBURGH
MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

SONG I.

TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

SUNG BY MR BANNISTER AT THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.



To Anacreon in heaven, where he sat in full glee,



A few sons of harmony sent a petition, That he



their inspirer and patron would be : When this



answer arriv'd from the jol-ly old Grecian :—



Voice, fiddle, and flute, no longer be mute, I'll



lend you my name, and inspire you to boot ; and



besides I'll instruct you like me to entwine the



myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine. *And be-*



sides I'll instruct you like me to entwine the myrtle of



Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew :

When Old Thunder pretended to give himself airs,—

“ If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,

“ The devil a Goddess will stay above stairs.

“ Hark ! already they cry,

“ In transports of joy,

“ Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,

“ And there with good fellows we'll learn to entwine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

And there with good fellows, &c.

" The yellow-hair'd God, and his nine fusty maids,
 " From Helicon's Banks will incontinent flee,
 " Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
 " And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be.
 " My thunder, no fear on't,
 " Shall soon do its errand, [warrant,
 " And dam'me ! I'll swinge the ringleaders, I
 " I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."
I'll trim the young dogs, &c.

Apollo rose up, and said, " Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
 " Good King of the Gods, with my vot'ries below :
 " Your thunder is useless"---then shewing his laurel,
 Cry'd "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know !
 " Then over each head,
 " My laurels I'll spread ; [dread,
 " So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall
 " Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially twine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
Whilst snug in their club-room, &c.

Next Momus got up with his risible phiz,
 And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join---
 " The tide of full harmony still shall be his, [mine.
 " But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be,
 " Then Jove, be not jealous
 " Of these honest fellows."
 Cry'd Jove, " We relent, since the truth you now
 " tell us ;

“ And swear, by Old Styx, that they long shall
“ entwine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.”

And swear, by old Styx, &c.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand :

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love ;

’Tis your’s to support what’s so happily plann’d :

You’ve the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,

Our toast let it be,

May our club flourish happy, united, and free !

And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.

And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.

SONG II.

FOR A LITERARY SOCIETY, CALLED

“ THE SOCIAL CLUB.”

TUNE---“ TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.”

Omne tulit Punctum, qui misuit utile dulci.

HOR.

ON azure-wove couches as the Gods lay reclin’d,
The fate of poor mortals their pity excited :
Where Follies and Vices unite in each mind,
By Trifles distress’d,---and with Baubles delighted :

To see wretched man,
 In life's narrow span,
 Contrive to torment himself—all that he can;
 While none will endeavour at once to unite
 The study of Wisdom with Social Delight.

While none will endeavour, &c.

Then *Mercurius* address'd thus the Synod around—
 “ A few chosen spirits attracted my eyes,
 “ (As lately I travell'd o'er earth's spacious bound)
 “ Who, fashion despising, had dar'd to be wise:”
 Father *Jove* then look'd down
 From his chrystalline throne,
 Which with star-spangl'd lustre celestially shone,
 To see those select, who resolv'd to unite
 The study of wisdom with social delight.

Well-pleas'd with the prospect, thus spoke mighty
Jove—
 “ View yon little band! link'd by Friendship's strong
 “ chain,
 “ Such merit assistance requires from above,
 “ Celestials!—Your gifts they deserve to obtain;
 “ Let each God bestow,
 “ On those mortals below,
 “ The virtues most suitable for them to know,
 “ That, improving in knowledge, they at length may
 “ unite
 “ The study of wisdom with social delight.”

“ My wisdom divine shall their meetings inspire,”
 Says *Minerva*, the goddess with blue-beaming eyes,

" And I," said *Apollo*, " I'll tune my own lyre,
 " To soften their souls, the true way to grow wise :
 " With sweet poetry,
 " United shall be
 " The ravishing notes of divine harmony :
 " Their minds in sweet unison thus will unite
 " The study of wisdom with social delight."

Says the bright son of *Maia*, " Be eloquence mine,
 " By me soft persuasion shall flow from each tongue;
 " And *Bacchus* will lend us a glass of good wine."
 " And, I," replied *Momus*, " the jest and the song."
 Thus, wine, wit, and sense,
 And sweet eloquence,
 And music and song all their charms shall dispense,
 A wreath to entwine, where at once will unite
 The study of wisdom with social delight.

" Be it so !" says the thundering king of the sky,
 (Whilst the cloud-cap'd *Olympus* shudder'd with fear;)

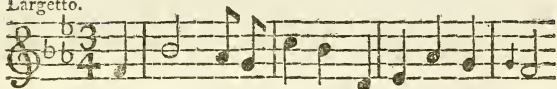
" And when Fate cuts the thread of their life, when
 " they die,
 " Son *Mercury* ! you shall conduct the lads here.
 " So each earthly guest,
 " At our ambrosial feast,
 " Immortal shall grow, when our nectar they taste;
 " That, made perfect in virtue, they with us may
 " unite
 " The practice of wisdom with social delight."

*When made perfect in virtue, may we all thus unite
 The practice of wisdom with social delight.*

SONG III.

THOU SOFT FLOWING AVON.

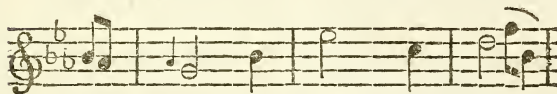
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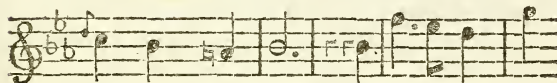
Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,



Of things more than mortal thy Skakespeare



would dream, would dream, would dream, thy



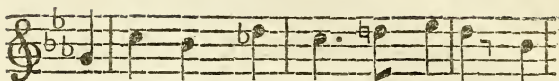
Shakespeare would dream. The fairies, by moon-



light, dance round his green bed ; For hallow'd



the turf is which pillow'd his head : The fairies,



by moonlight, dance round his green bed ; For

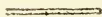


hallow'd the turf is which pil-low'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain.
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread ;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

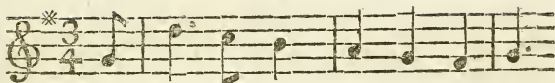
Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their
truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth.
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread ;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow !
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow !
Ever full be thy stream ; like his fame may it spread !
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head !



SONG IV.

THE BROWN JUG.



Dear Tom, this brown jug, that now foams



with mild ale, (In which I will drink to sweet



Nan of the vale), Was once Toby Filpot, a thir-



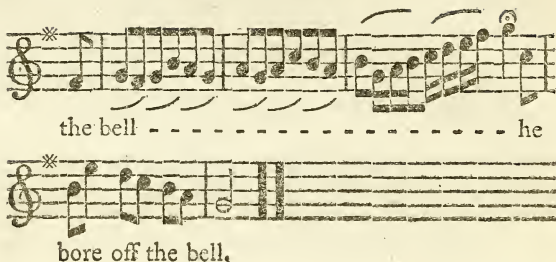
ty old soul As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd



a bowl. In boozing a - - bout 'twas his praise



to excel, And among jol-ly toppers he bore off



It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug.
 Now, sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

SONG V.

ON FRIENDSHIP.



The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,



And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet.



How strange does it seem, that in searching a-



round, That source of con-tent is so rare to be



found! O friendship! thou balm and rich



sweet'ner of life, Kind parent of ease, and com-

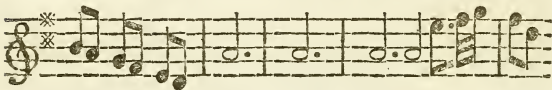
tr.



po-fer of strife : Without thee, alas ! what are



rich-es and pow'r, But emp-ty de-lu - sion, the



joys of an hour - - - - - But emp-



ty de-lu - sion the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend
 On whom we may always with safety depend ?
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.
 When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere ;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SONG VI.

WHEN ONCE THE GODS.



When once the Gods like us below, To keep



it up design, Their goblets with fresh Nectar



flow, Which makes them more divine. Since



drinking de-i-fies the foul, Let's push a-bout



the flowing bowl, Since drinking de--i--fies

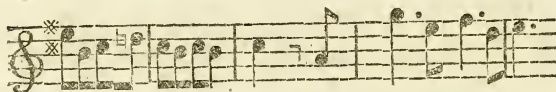


the foul, Let's push about the flowing bowl. A

B



flow ----- ing bowl, A flow ---



----- ing bowl, since drinking de-i-fies



the foul, Lets push about the flowing bowl.

The glittering star and ribbon blue,
 That deck the courtier's breast,
 May hide a heart of blackest hue,
 Though by the king carefs'd.
 Let him in pride and splendour roll;
 We'er happier o'er a flowing bowl.
 A flowing bowl, &c.

For liberty let patriots rave,
 And damn the courtly crew,
 Because, like them, they want to have
 The loaves and fishes too.
 I care not who divides the cole,
 So I can share a flowing bowl.
 A flowing bowl, &c.

Let Mansfield Lord-chief justice be,
 Sir Fletcher speaker still;

At home let Rodney rule the sea,
And Pitt the treasury still :
No place I want, throughout the whole,
I want an ever-flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

The son wants square-toes at old Nick,
And miss is mad to wed ;
The doctor wants us to be sick ;
The undertaker dead.
All have their wants from pole to pole ;
I want an ever-flowing bowl, &c.
A flowing bowl, &c.

SONG VII.

LOCHABER NO MORE.



Farewell to Lochaber! and farewell, my Jean!



Where heartsome with thee I have many days



been: For, Lochaber no more, Lochaber no



more, We'll may-be re-turn to Loch-a-ber



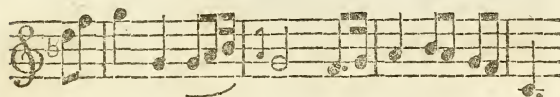
no more. These tears that I shed, they are



a' for my dear, And no for the dan-gers at-



tending on weir : Tho' bore on rough seas to



a far bloo - dy shore, May - be to re - turn



to Loch - a - ber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind:
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd:
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame;
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

SONG VIII.

TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.



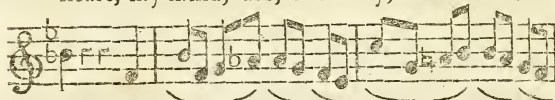
The topsails shi -- ver in the wind, The ship



she casts to sea; But yet my soul, my



heart, my mind, are, Ma -- ry, moor'd with



thee. For tho' thy sailor's bound a -- far, still



Love shall be his leading star; For tho' thy



sailor's bound a - far, Still Love shall be his



lead -- ing star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales ;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales ;
Thou art the compass of my soul
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks or waves :
But such as grace the British fleet
Are lovers and not slaves :
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares,---but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain :
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girls, Adieu !

SONG IX.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.





a---mong the birks of In--ver--may.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip thy verdant shade ;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more ;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams ;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice ;
Let us like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call :
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams ;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance :
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.

SONG X.

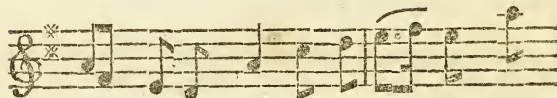
THE LAND OF DELIGHT.



As you mean to set sail for the land of de-



light, And in wedlock's soft hammock to



swing every night: If you hope that your



voyage suc-cess-ful shou'd prove, Fill your sails



with affection, your cabins with love. If you



hope that your voyage successful should prove,



Fill your sails with affection, your cabins with



love. Fill your sails with affection, your



ca-bins with love.

Let your heart, like the main-mast, be ever upright,
And the union you boast, like our tackle, be tight ;
Of the shoals of indiff'rence be sure to keep clear,
And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.

But if vapours and whims, like sea-sickness prevail,
You must spread all your canvas and catch the fresh
gale. [sea,
For if brisk blows the wind, and there comes a rough
You must lower your top-sail, and scud under lee.

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,
They must reckon themselves, give the helm to their
wives :
For the smoother we sail, boys, we're safest from
harm,
And on shipboard the head is still rul'd by the helm.

Then lift to your pilot, my boys, and be wise ;
 If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,
 A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn ;
 And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.

SONG XI.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.



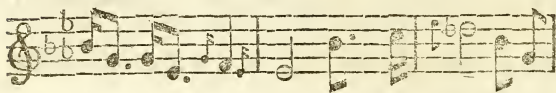
I sigh and lament me in vain, These walls



can but e-----cho my moan, A—las, it en-



creases my pain, When I think of the



days that are gone : Thro' the grate of my



prison, I see the birds as they wanton in



air, My heart how it pants to be free, My



looks they are wild with de—spair.

Above tho' oppress'd by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes,
 Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those.
 False woman ! in ages to come
 Thy malice detested shall be ;
 And when we are cold in the tomb
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
 With silence and solitude dwell,
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell ;
 The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow wind seems to murmur around,
 " O Mary, prepare thee to die,"
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

SONG XII.

ETRICK BANKS.



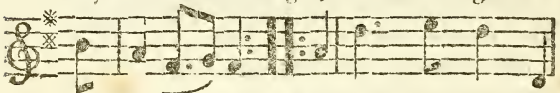
On E-trick banks, ae summer's night, At



gloming when the sheep drave hame, I met



my lassie braw and tight, Came wading bare-



foot a' her lane: My heart grew light, I



ran, I flang My arms about her li---ly



neck, And kifs'd and clapp'd her there fu'



lang, My words they were na mon--y feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn,
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herring at the Broomielaw;
Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought eneugh,
When winter, frost and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass among the broom,
And lead you to my summer sheild.
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh and kifs, and dance and sing,
And gar the longest day seem short.

SONG XIII.

LET'S SEEK THE BOWER.



Let's seek the bower of Robinhood, This is



his bridal day, And cheerfully in blythe Sher-



wood, bridemaids and bridemen play. Then



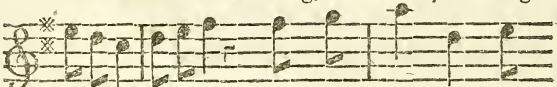
follow, follow me, my bonny, bonny lads, And



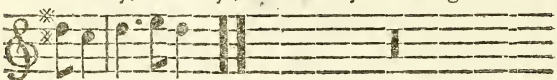
we'll the pastime see; For the minstrels sing,



And the sweet bells ring, And they feast right



merrily, merrily; And they feast right mer-



rily, mer-ri-ly.

The humming beer flows round in pails,
With mead that's stoud and old,
And am'rous virgins tell love-tales,
To thaw the heart that's cold.
Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the pastime see ;
For the minstrels sing,
And the sweet bells ring,
And they feast right merrily.

There, dancing sprightly on the green,
Each lightfoot lad and lass,
Sly stealing kisses when unseen,
And gingling glafs with glafs.
Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the pastime see ;
For the minstrels sing,
And the sweet bells ring,
And they feast right merrily.

SONG XIV.

HOW SWEET THE LOVE.



When first I ken'd young Sandie's face, He



fung and look'd wi' sic a grace, He fung



and look'd wi' sic a grace, He stole my



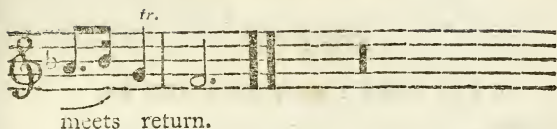
heart, but did na care; The lad he



lo'ed a lass more fair: And oft I fung o'er



brae and burn, How sweet's the love that



He lo'ed a lafs wi' fickle mind,
 Was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind ;
 Which made the love-sick laddie rue ;
 For she was cauld when he was true ;
 He mourn'd and fung, o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
 Where lilacks with sweet cowslips join'd,
 To make a garland for her hair ;
 But she refus'd the gift so fair.
 This scorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be borne ;
 But sweet's the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell-tale een,
 And love so true is soonest seen :
 Dear lafs, said he, my heart is thine ;
 For thy soft wishes are like mine :
 Now Jenny, in her turn, may mourn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

My answer was both frank and kind ;
 I lo'ed the lad, and tell'd my mind :
 To kirk we went wi' hearty glee,
 And wha fae blest as he and me !
 Now blithe we sing, o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

SONG XV.

WHAT CARE I HOW FAIR SHE BE.

Allegretto.



Shall I, wasting in despair, Die because a



woman's fair? Shall my cheeks look pale with



care, 'Cause another's rosy are? Shall my cheeks



look pale with care, 'Cause a--nother's ro--fy



are? Cause a-nother's ro - fy are? Be she fairer



than the day, Or the flowery meads in May;



Yet, if she think not well of me, What care I



how fair she be? Be she fairer than the day, Or



the flowery meads in May, Yet, if she think not



well of me, What care I how fair she be? What



care I? What care I? What care I how fair she



be? But if she think not well of me, What care I



how fair she be? What care I how fair she be?

Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or, her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
As may merit name the best ;
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

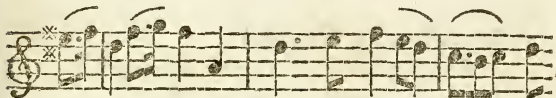
Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die 'ere she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn and let her go,
So if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

SONG XVI.

CORN RIGS.



My Patie is a lo--ver gay, His mind is ne-



ver muddy, His breath is sweeter than new



hay, His face is fair and rud--dy. His shape



is handsome, mid - dle size, He's comely in



his wa'k--ing, The shining of his een fur-



prise, 'Tis heaven to hear him ta'k - ing.

Last night I met him on a bawlk,
Where yellow corn was growing :
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a-glowing.
He kis'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony ;
That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O corn-rigs are bonny !

Lct lassies of a filly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting !
Since we for yielding we're design'd,
We chastly should be granting.
Then I'll comply and marry PATE ;
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzel air or late,
Where corn-rigs are bonny.

SONG XVII.

Tune---“ CORN RIGS ARE BONNY.”

LORD ! what care I for mam or dad !

Why, let them scold and bellow ;

For while I live I'll love my lad,

He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair day, on yonder green,

The youth he danc'd so well, O ;

So spruce a lad was never seen

As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was o'er, and night was come,

The lad was somewhat mellow ;

Says he, my dear, I'll see you home ;

I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright ;

Says he, my sweetest Nell, O,

I'll kiss you here by this good light ;

Lord, what a charming fellow !

You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath ;

Ye bells ring out my knell, O ;

Again I'd die so sweet a death

With such a charming fellow.

You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath ;

Ye bells ring out my knell, O ;

Again I'd die so sweet a death

With such a charming fellow !

SONG XVIII.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.



The wand'ring fail-or ploughs the main, A



com-pe-tence in life to gain; Undaunted



braves the stormy seas, To find at last content



and ease; To find at last content and ease: In



hopes when toil and danger's o'er, To an-chor



on his native shore; In hopes when toil and



danger's o'er, To anchor on his na - tive shore,



To anchor on his native shore. When winds



blow hard, and mountains roll, And thunders



shake from pole to pole ; Tho' dreadful waves



surrounding foam, Still flatt'ring fan-cy wafts



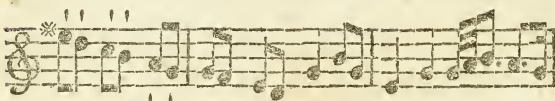
him home, Still flatt'ring fan - cy wafts him home,



In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er, To an-



chor on his native shore; In hopes, when toil



and danger's o'er, To anchor on his na - - tive



shore; To anchor on his native shore.

* When round the bowl the jovial crew
The early scenes of youth renew,
'Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
This is the universal toast:
This is the universal toast:

May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore!

May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore!

Cast anchor on our native shore!

* These words to be sung to the first part of the tune.

SONG XIX.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

:S:



Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear the



mainmast by the board, My heart, with thoughts



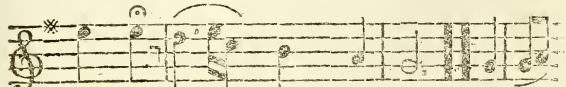
of thee, my dear, and love well stor'd, Shall



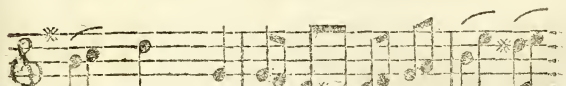
brave all danger, Scorn all fear, The roaring



winds, the raging sea, In hopes on shore To be



once more Safe moor'd with thee. A-loft



while mountains high we go, The whistling



winds that scud a - long, And the surge roaring



from below, Shall my signal be to think on thee,



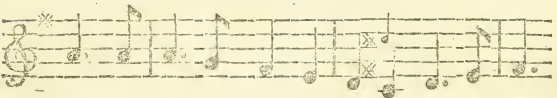
Shall my signal be to think on thee ;



And this shall be my song : And on that night



when all the crew the mem'ry of their former



lives O'er flowing canns of flip renew, and drink



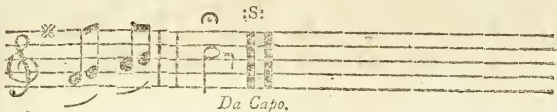
their sweethearts and their wives, I'll heave a



figh, I'll heave a figh, and think on thee ; And



as the ship rolls thro' the sea, The burden of my



song shall be :

SONG XX.

ROSLIN CASTLE.



'Twas in that season of the year, When all



things gay and sweet appear, That Colin, with



the morning ray, A--rose and sung his ru--ral



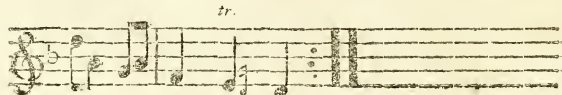
lay. Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,



The hills and dales with Nan - ny rung, While



Roslin castle heard the swain, And e-cho'd



back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse ! the breathing spring
With rapture warms ; awake and sing !
Awake and join the vocal throng
Who hail the morning with a song !
To Nanny raise the chearful lay ;
O bid her haste and come away ;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love ! on ev'ry spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay !
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd song,
And love inspires the melting throng.
Then let my raptur'd notes arise :
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes ;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love ! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls ; O come away !
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine !
O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring !
Those graces that divinely shine !
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

SONG XXI.

To the foregoing Tune.

FROM Roslin Castle's echoing walls
 Resounds my shepherd's ardent calls;
 My Colin bids me come away,
 And love demands I should obey.
 His melting strain and tuneful lay
 So much the charms of love display,
 I yield,—nor longer can refrain
 To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
 The painful pleasing flame I feel;
 My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
 And echoes back in love again.
 Where lurks my songster? From what grove
 Does Colin pour his notes of love?
 O bring me to the happy bow'r
 Where mutual love may bliss secure!

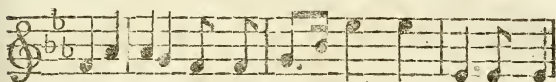
Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
 Repeating, as it flies along,
 To Colin's ear my strain convey,
 And say, I haste to come away.
 Ye zephyrs soft that fan the gale,
 Waft to my love the soothing tale;
 In whispers all my soul express,
 And tell, I haste his arms to bless.

SONG XXII.

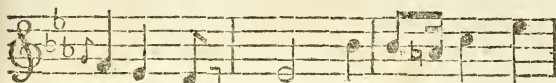
THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.



See the courſe throng'd with gazers, the ſports



are begun ; The con - fu - ſion, but hear, I bet



you, Sir ! Done ! done ! Ten thouſand ſtrange



murmurs reſound far and near, Lords, hawk-



ers and jockies, aſſail the tir'd ear ; Lords,



hawkers, and jockies, aſſail the tir'd ear. While



with neck like a rainbow, erecting his creſt,



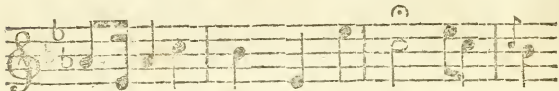
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head



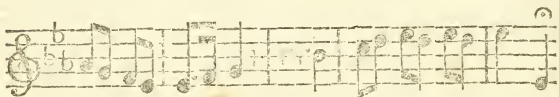
touching his breast ; Scarcely snuff--ing the air,



he's so proud and e-late, The high-mettled



ra - - cer first starts for the plate ; The high-



mettled ra - - cer, The high-mettled racer



first starts for the plate.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd ; but yet with some
blood :

While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won that sweep, his sire that race ;

And what matches he won to the hostlers count o'er
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door,
While the harness fore galls, and the spurs his sides
goad,

The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

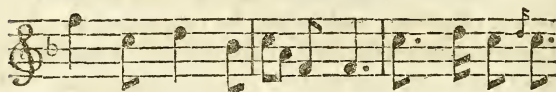
Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down, by degrees he bends on to his fate;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand till the sand of his hour-glass stands still;
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew;
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

SONG XXIII.

KISS THE GOLD WINTER AWAY.



Hey for a lass and a bottle to cheer, And a



thumping bantling every year; Hey for a lass



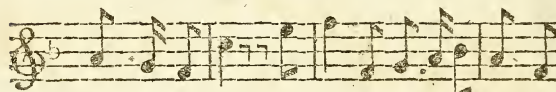
and a bottle to cheer, And a thumping bantling



e-ve-ry year. With skin as white as snow, And



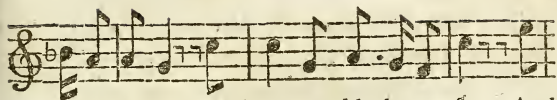
hair as brown as a berry; With eyes as



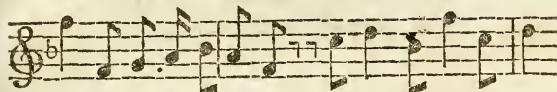
black as a floe, And lips as red as a cher-ry.



With skin as white as snow, And hair as brown



as a berry ; With eyes as black as a floe, And



lips as red as a cherry. Sing roufy, toufy, ran-



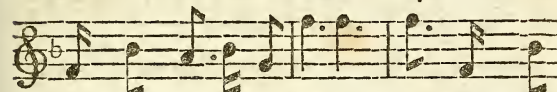
tum, scantum, Laugh and lie down is the play :



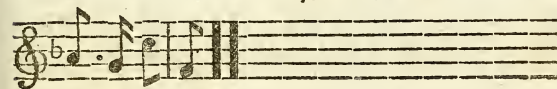
We'll cuddle together, To keep out the weather,



And kifs the cold winter away ; Kifs, kifs



the cold winter away, Kifs, kifs the cold



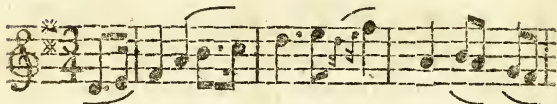
win-ter a - way.

Laugh while you live ;
 For, as life is a jest,
 Who laughs the most,
 Is sure to live best.

When I was not so old,
 I frolick'd among the miffes ;
 And, when they thought me too bold,
 I stopp'd their mouths with kisses.
 Sing rousy, tousy, &c.

SONG XXIV.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.



In April, when Primroses paint the sweet



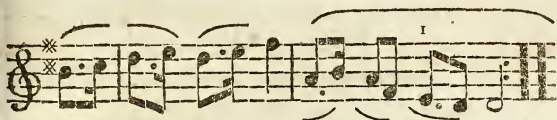
plain, And summer ap-proach-ing re---joi-ceth



the swain. joiceth the swain, The yellow-hair'd



laddie would of - ten - times go, To wilds and



deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow.



hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves evening and morn,
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That Sylvans and fairies unseen danced around.

The shepherd thus sang: Tho' young Maddie be fair
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air:
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;
Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth:
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dow'r,

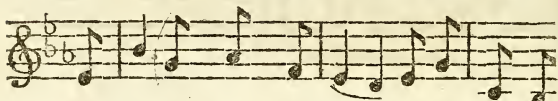
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four:
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty, sweet Susan, his mistress might be.

SONG XXV.

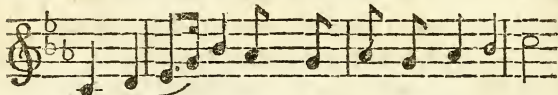
MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY.



Then farewell, my trim-built wherry, Oars,



and coat and badge, farewell; Never more at



Chelfea fer-ry Shall your Thomas take a spell.



Then farewell, my trim-built wherry, Oars,



and coat and badge, farewell; Never more at



Chelfea fer -- ry shall your Thomas take a



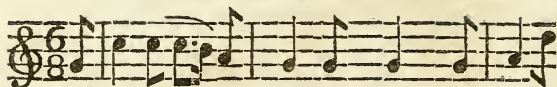
spell --; Shall your Tho - mas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I go ;
Where, expos'd to every danger,
Some friendly ball may lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my mesmates come ;
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh may cry—" poor Tom."

SONG XXVI.

FOR ME MY FAIR.



For me my fair a wreath has wove, Where rival



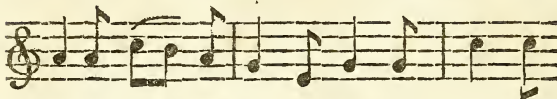
flow'rs in union meet, Where rival flow'rs in



union meet : As oft she kifs'd this gift of love,



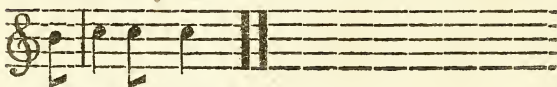
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet ; As



oft she kifs'd this gift of love, Her breath gave



sweetness to the sweet, Her breath gave sweet-



ness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

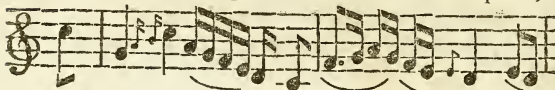
There, tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the ripening breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey fled away.

SONG XXVII.

THE BANKS OF FORTH.



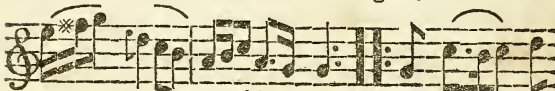
Ye Syl-vi-an pow'rs that rule the plain,



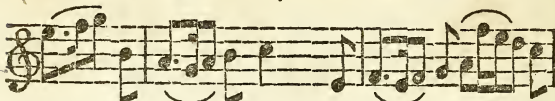
where sweetly wind - ing Forth - - a glides, Con-



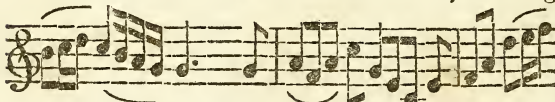
duct me to her banks a - - - gain, Since there



my charming Ma---ry bides. These banks that



breathe their ver-nal sweets Where ev'--ry smil-ing



beau-----ty meets, where Mary's charms a-dorn the



plain, And chear the heart of ev'-----ry fwain,

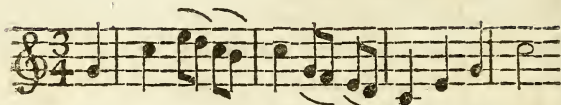
Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their music chirp aloud,
Alternately they sing their loves,
And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.
The meadows wore a general smile,
Love was our banquet all the while ;
The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the sky.

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming Mary lull'd asleep.
My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
I softly stoop'd and stole a kiss ;
She wak'd, she blush'd, and gently blam'd,
“ Why, Damon ! are you not ashamed ? ”

Ye sylvan Powers, ye Rural Gods,
To whom we swains our cares impart,
Restore me to these blest'd abodes,
And ease, oh ! ease my love-sick heart :
These happy days again restore,
When Mall and I shall part no more ;
When she shall fill these longing arms,
And crown my bliss with all her charms.

SONG XXVIII.

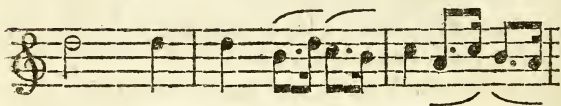
THE BLUSH OF AURORA.



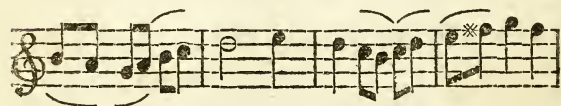
The blush of Au-ro-ra now tinges the morn,



And dew-drops be---spangle the sweet scented



thorn; Then found bro--ther sportsman, found



found the gay horn, Till Phœbus a---wakens the



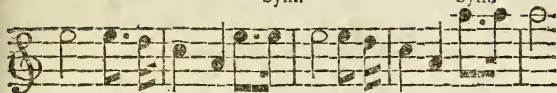
day, Till Phœ--bus a---wa--kens the day:



And see now he ri--ses! in splendor how

Sym.

Sym.



bright ! I O Pe an !

I O Pe an !



for Phoebus, for Phoebus the god of de-light, All



glorious in beauty now ba--nish--es night : Then



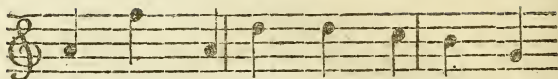
mount, boys, to horse and away, To horse and



a--way, to horse and away, a--way ----



----- Then mount boys, then



mount boys, then mount boys, then mount boys,



then mount boys, to horse and away.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chase !
 Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each face,
 And in our swift courfers what beauty and grace,
 While we the fleet stag do pursue ;
 While we. &c.

At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,
 Wing'd by terror, wing'd by terror, [bounds,
 Wing'd by terror, he bursts from the forest's wide
 And tho' like the light'ning he darts o'er the grounds,
 Yet still, boys, we keep him in view.
 We keep him in view, we keep him in view, in view,
 And tho' like the light'ning, &c.

When chac'd till quite spent, he his life does resign,
 Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine ;
 And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
 That hunter so mighty of fame.
 That hunter, &c.

Our glasses then charge to our country and king,

Love and beauty ; love and beauty ;
Love and beauty we'll fill to, and jovially sing ;
Wishing health and success, till we make the house
ring,
To all sportsmen and sons of the game.
And sons of the game ; and sons of the game ; the
game ;
Wishing health and success, &c.

SONG XXIX.

BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS.



By the gaily circling glafs, We can fee how



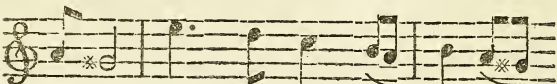
minutes pafs; By the hollow cask we're told How



the waning night grows old, How the waning



night grows old. Soon, too foon, the bu-



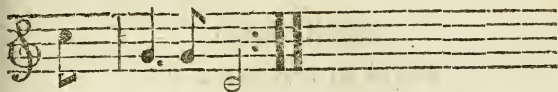
fy day drives us from our fport a--



way. What have we with day to do? Sons



of Care, 'twas made for you! Sons of Care,



'twas made for you !

By the silence of the owl,
By the chirping on the thorn,
By the butts that empty roll,
We foretel th' approach of morn.
Fill, then, fill the vacant glaſs,
Let no precious moment ſlip ;
Flout the moralizing aſs ;
Joys find entrance at the lip.

SONG XXX.

BRAES OF BALLENDAN.



Be - neath a green shade a lovely young



fswain, one ev'ning re-clin'd to dis--co----ver



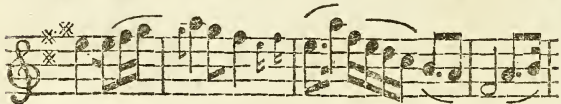
his pain : So sad, yet so sweet'y, he



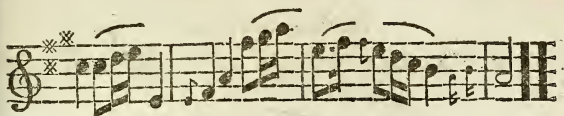
warbled his woe, The wind ceas'd to breathe,



And the foun---tains to flow ; Rude winds



with compassion could hear him complain, yet



Chloe less gentle was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd on my view !
Those eyes, then, with pleasure, the dawn could sur-
vey,

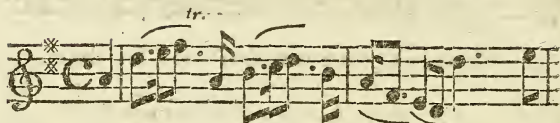
Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they,
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I sicken in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue :
All, all, but conspire, my griefs to renew :
From sunshine, to zephyrs and shades we repair ;
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :
But love's ardent fever burns always the same !--
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But, see ! the pale moon, all clouded, retires !
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires !
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind :
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch ! how can life be worthy thy care,
Since length'ning it's moments but lengthens de-
spair.

SONG XXXI.

TO THE GREENWOOD GANG WI' ME.



To speer my love, wi' glances fair, The



woodland lad-die came; He vow'd he wou'd be



ay fin-cere, And thus he spake his flame: The



morn is blithe, my bon - ny fair, As blithe as



blithe can be; To the green wood gang, my



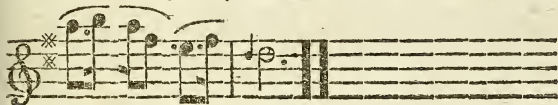
lassie dear, To the green wood gang wi' me,



Gang wi' me, gang wi' me, To the green



wood gang, my lassie dear, To the green



wood gang wi' me.

The lad wi' love was so oppres'd,

I wad na say him nay;

My lips he kiss'd, my hand he press'd,

While tripping o'er the brae:

Dear lad, I cry'd, thou'rt trig and fair,

And blithe as blithe can be;

To the green wood gang, my laddie dear,

To the green wood gang wi' me.

The bridal day is come to pass,

Sic joy was never seen;

Now I am call'd the woodland lass,

The woodland laddie's queen:

I bless the morn so fresh and fair

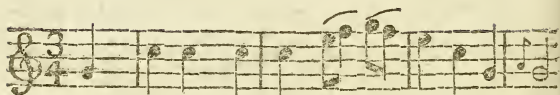
I told my mind so free,

"To the green wood gang, my laddie dear,

"To the green wood gang wi' me."

SONG XXXII.

BRIGHT PHOEBUS.



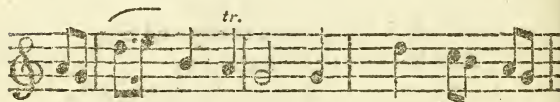
Bright Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,



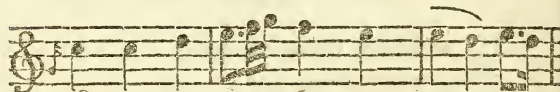
And the horns and the hounds call each sportf-



man a - way ; And the horns and the hounds call



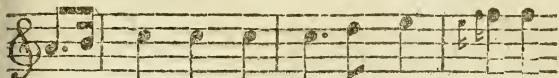
each sportsman away. Thro' woods and thro'



meadows with speed now they bound, While



health, ro - fy health, is in ex - er - cise found ;



Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now



they bound, While health, rosy health, is in



ex - er - cise found. Hark away! Hark a-



way! Hark away is the word to the found



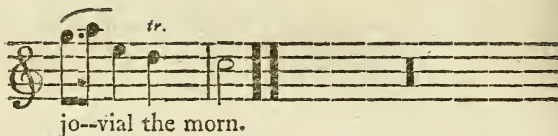
of the horn - - - - -



- - - - - And e - cho and



e - - cho, And e - - cho, blithe e - cho, makes



Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While pufs flies the covert, and dogs quick purſue.
Behold where ſhe flies o'er the wide-ſpreading plain !
While the loud op'ning pack purſue her amain.
Hark away, &c.

At length puss is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for death.
No joys can delight like the sports of the field ;
To hunting all pleasures and pastimes must yield.
Hark away, &c.

SONG XXIII.

THO' LEIXLIP IS PROUD.





Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,



Its lads so well drefs'd, and its neat pretty maids :



As each his own village will still make the most of,



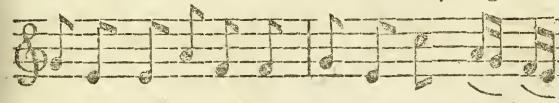
In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong,



Dear Carton containing what kingdoms may boast of,



'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song. Dear



Carton, containing what kingdoms may boast of,



'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice bootson,
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare,
 Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair :

Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
 For gold, or for acres, he never shall long.

One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
 From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

SONG XXXIV.

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HAE BEEN.

Slow,



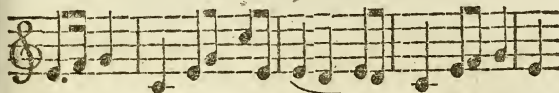
A lafs that was laden with care fat hea-vi-ly



under yon thorn, I listen'd a while for to hear,



When thus she be - gan for to mourn : Whene'er



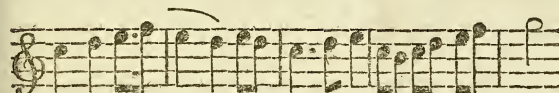
my dear shepherd was here, The birds did melo-



dioufly sing, And cold nipping winter did wear A



face that resembled the spring. Sae merry as



we twa hae been ; Sae merry as we twa hae been ;



My heart it is like for to break when I think



on the days we have seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently preßing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command !
 " My dear," he wou'd oft to me say,
 " What makes you hard-hearted to me ?
 " Oh ! why do you thus turn away
 " From him who is dying for thee !
 Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my sight,
 And perhaps a deceiver may prove ;
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.
 At eve, when the rest of the folk
 Are merrily seated to spin,
 I set myself under an oak,
 And heavily sigh for him.
 Sae merry, &c.

SONG XXXV.

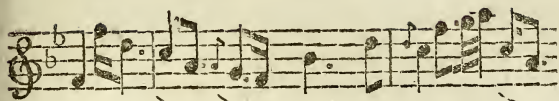
MAY EVE : OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.



The silver moon's en - a - mour'd beam



Steals soft - ly through the night. To wanton



with the wind - ing stream, And kifs re - flect -



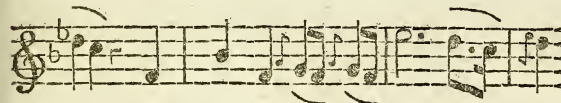
ed light. To beds of state go, balm - y sleep,



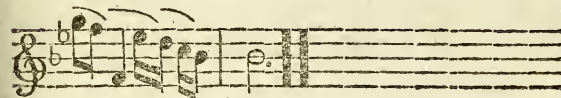
('Tis where you've seldom been), May's vi - gil



while the shep-herds keep with Kate of A - ber-



deen, With Kate of A - ber - deen, with Kate



of A - - ber - - deen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,

Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.
 Methinks I hear the maids declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

SONG XXXVI.

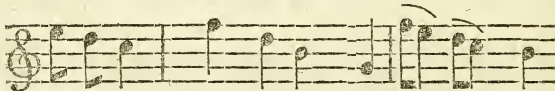
COME, COME MY JOLLY LADS.



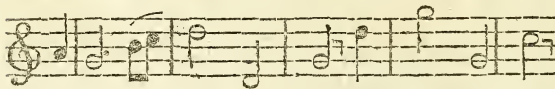
Come, come, my jolly lads, the wind's abaft, brisk



gales our sails shall crowd; Come bustle, bustle



bustle boys, Haul the boat, the boatswain pipes



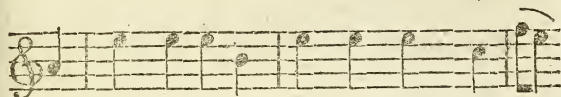
a-loud. The ship's unmoor'd, All hands on board,



The rising gale fills ev'ry sail, The ship's well



mann'd and stor'd : Then fling the flowing bowl ;



Fond hopes arise, The girls we prize Shall bless



each jovial soul. The cann, boys, bring, we'll drink



and sing, while foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast

We're bound to steer,

We'll still our rights maintain;

Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,

Soon we'll see

Old England once again :

From shore to shore,

While cannons roar,

Our tars shall shew
The haughty foe
Britannia rules the main.

Then sling the flowing bowl;
Fond hopes arise,
The girls we prize
Shall bless each jovial soul:
The cann, boys, bring,
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Cho. Then sling the, &c.

SONG XXXVII.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.



The sun just glancing through the trees,



gave light and joy to ilk - a grove, And plea-



sure in each southern breeze A-wak-en'd hope



and slumb'ring love. When Jen--ny fung with



hear-ty glee, to charm her win-some marrow



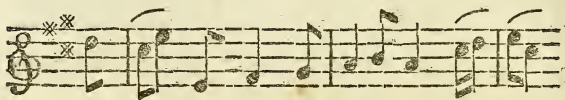
My bon-ny laddie, gang wi' me, My bon - ny



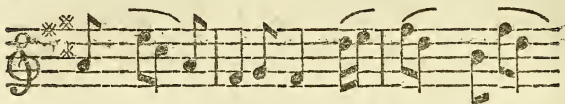
lad - die gang wi' me, We'll o'er the braes of -



Yarrow: My bonny laddie, gang wi' me,



We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow, We'll o'er



the braes of Yarrow, We'll o'er the braes



of Yarrow, My bonny lad - die gang wi'



me, We'll oe'r the braes of Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blytheft fwain
That ever pip'd on bonny brae ;
Nae lafs could ken him free frae pain,
Sae gracefuf, kind, fae fair and gay.
And Jenny fung, &c.

He kifs'd and lov'd the bonny ma'id,
Her sparkling e'en had won his heart,
No lafs the youth had e'er betray'd :
No fear had fhe, the lad no art.
And Jenny fung, &c.

SONG XXXVIII.

THE LAST TIME I CAME OE'R THE MOOR.



The last time I came o'er the muir, I left my



love behind me : Ye pow'rs what pain do I



endure, when soft i - - de - as mind me. Soon



as the ruddy morn display'd, the beaming day



en-su-ing, I met betimes my love - ly maid



In fit re - - treats for woo - ing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chafely sporting ;

We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 'Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Even kings when she was nigh me ;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.
Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me ;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me ;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.
In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter ;
Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps to cover ;
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.
The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

SONG XXXIX.

TALLY HO.



Ye sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen



too, Who delight in the joys of the field, Who



delight in the joys of the field. Mankind, tho' they



blame, are all eager as you, And no one the



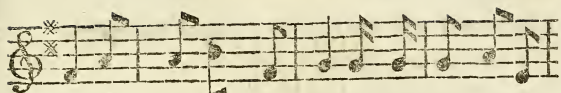
contest will yield, - - - And no one the contest



will yield. His Lordship, his worship, his ho-



nour, his grace, a-hunting con - - ti - nual - ly



go, All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the



chace, With hark forward, huzza, tally ho, ---



-- All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the



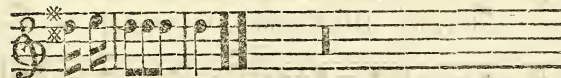
chace, Hark forward, huzza, tally ho, --- tally



ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally



ho, tally ho, ---- hark forward, huzza



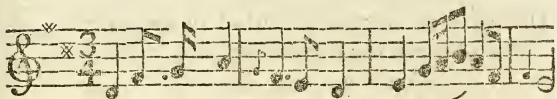
tal-ly ho - - - - .

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn
To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;
The husband gets up at the sound of the horn
And rides to the commons full speed ;
The patriot is thrown in pursuit of the game ;
The poet too often lays low,
Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
How oft do they Decency's bounds overleap
And the fences of Virtue break down ?
Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,
For amusement, for passion, for shew,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

SONG XL.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.



One day I heard Mary say, How shall I leave



thee? Stay, dearest A -- donis, stay, Why



wilt thou grieve me? Alas, my fond heart:



will break, If thou should leave me! I'll live



and die for thy sake, Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,

Has Mary deceiv'd thee?

Did e'er her young heart betray,

New love to grieve thee?

My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may believe me ;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee ?
Can Mary thy anguish soothe,
This breast shall receive thee.
My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee :
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, lad, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee ?
O ! that thought makes me sad ?
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly ?
Why does he grieve me ?
Alas ! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

SONG XLI.

CONTENTED I AM.



Contented I am, and con-tent-ed I'll be, Re-



solv'd in this life to live happy and free. With



the cares of this world I'm feldom perplex'd ;



I'm sometimes un-ea-sy, but never am vex'd.



Some higher, some lower, I own there may



be ; But there's more who live worse than live.



better than me.

My life is a compound of freedom and ease ;
I go where I will, and return when I please ;
I live above envy, also above strife ;
And wish I had judgment to choose a good wife :
I'm neither so high nor so low in degree,
But ambition and want are both strangers to me.

Did you know how delightful my gay hours do pass,
With my bottle before me, embrac'd by my lass ;
I'm happy while with her, contented alone ;
My wine is my kingdom ; my cask is my throne ;
My glass is the sceptre by which I shall reign :
And my whole privy council's a flask of Champaign.

When money comes in, I live well till it's gone ;
While I have it quite happy, contented with none.
If I lose it at gaming, I think it but lent ;
If I spend it genteelly, I'm always content,
Thus in mirth and good humour my gay hours do pass,
And on Saturday's night I am just as I was.

SONG XLII.

THE TOBACCO-BOX. A Dialogue.

Thomas.

Tho' the fate of battle on to-mor-row



wait, Let's not lose our prattle, now, my



charm - - - ing Kate, Till the hour of glory,



love should now take place ; Nor damp the joys



before you with a fu - - - - - ture ease.

Kate. Oh, my Thomas, still be constant, still be true !
 Be but to your Kate, as Kate is still to you ;
 * Glory will attend you, still will make us blest ;
 With my firmest love, my dear you're still possess.

Tho. No new beauties tasted, I'm their arts above ;
Three campaigns are wasted, but not so my love ;
Anxious still about thee, thou art all I prize ;
Never, Kate without thee, will I bung these
eyes.

Kate. Constant to my Thomas I will still remain,
Nor think I will leave thy side the whole campaign ;
But I'll cherish thee, and strive to make thee bold ;
May'st thou share the victory ! may'st thou
share the gold !

Tho. If, by some bold action, I the halbert bear,
Think what satisfaction, when my rank you
share.
Dress'd like any lady-fair from top to toe ;
Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

Kate. If a serjeant's lady I should chance to prove,
Linen shall be ready always for my love ;
Never more will Kate the captain's laundress
be :
I'm too pretty, Thomas, love, for all but thee.

Tho. Here, Kate, take my 'bacco-box, a soldier's all ;
If by Frenchmens blows your Tom is doom'd
to fall,
When my life is ended, thou may'st boast and
prove,
Thou'd'st my first, my last, my only pledge of
love.

Kate. Here, take back thy 'bacco-box, thou'rt all to me;
Nor think but I will be near thee, love, to see;
In the hour of danger let me always share;
I'll be kept no stranger to my soldier's fare.

Tho. Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear;
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear ;
But, may Heav'n befriend us ! Hark! the drums
 command:
Now I will attend you, Love, I kiss your hand.

*Kate.**I can't stop these tears, tho' crying I disdain;
But must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain:
May good Heav'n's defend thee! Conquest on
 thee wait!
One kiss more, and then I give thee up to fate.

* Both repeat this verse, only Thomas says, { Conquest on me wait!
yield myself to fate.

SONG XLIII.

THE LASS OF PEATIE'S MILL.



The lass of Peatie's mill so bonny blyth



and gay, In spite of all my skill, hath



stole my heart away. When tedding of the



hay, Bare-head-ed on the green, Love



midst her locks did play, and wan-ton'd



in her een.

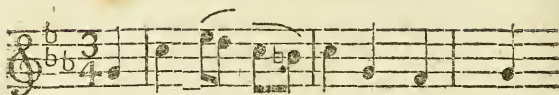
Her arms, white, round, and smooth ;
Breasts rising in their dawn ;
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his hand.
Through all my spirits ran
An extasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
Her sweets she did impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd;
Her looks, they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd ;
I wish'd her for my bride.

O ! had I all that wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will ;
I'd promise, and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Peatie's mill,
Should share the same with me.

SONG XLIV.

HAD NEPTUNE.



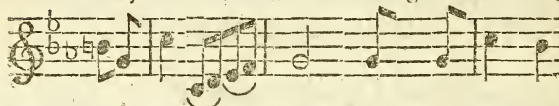
Had Neptune when first he took charge



of the sea, been as wise, or at least been as



merry as we, He'd have thought better on't,



and instead of the brine, Would have fill'd the



vast ocean with generous wine -----



----- would have



fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the sake of good liquor, as well as of gain,
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking,
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.

The hot thirsty fun would drive with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast ;
And when he'd got tipsey, would have taken his nap,
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine,
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when blest with such rain,
To fill all our vessels and fill 'em again ;
Nay even the beggar that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump in the river and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment, on every one's brow,
Hob as great as a prince, dancing after his plough,
The birds in the air as they play on the wing,
Altho' they but sip would eternally sing.

The stars, who I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;
And merrily twinkling would soon let us know,
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we enjoy'd,
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd;
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
 To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

SONG XLV.

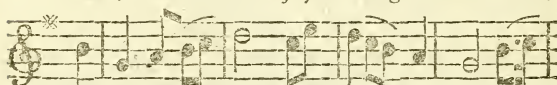
MY TEMPLES WITH CLUSTERS.



My temples with clusters of grapes I'll en-



twine, And barter all joys for a gob-let of wine,



And barter all joys for a goblet of wine. In



search of a Venus no longer I'll run, But stop



and forget her at Bacchus's tun; No longer I'll



run, -



But stop and forget her at Bac-chus's tun.

Yet why thus resolve to relinquish the fair?
 'Tis folly with spirits like mine to despair;
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

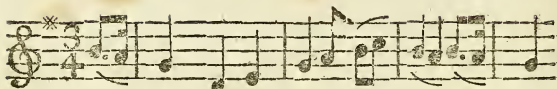
'Tis woman whose charms every rapture impart,
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart;
 The miser himself, so supreme is her sway,
 Grows a convert to love, and resigns her the key.

At the sound of her voice sorrow lifts up her head,
 And poverty listens, well pleas'd, from her shed;
 While age, in an ecstasy, hobbling along,
 Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest and deepest that stands on his board;
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
 'Tis the thirst of a lover—and pledge me who dare!

SONG XLVI.

TWEED-SIDE.



What beauties does Flora disclose, How sweet



are her smiles u--pon Tweed, Yet Mary's still



sweeter than those, Both Nature and fancy



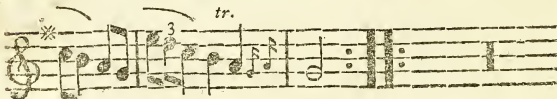
ex-ceed. No dai--fy nor sweet blushing



rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor



Tweed gliding gent-ly thro' those, Such beau-



ty and pleasure does yield.

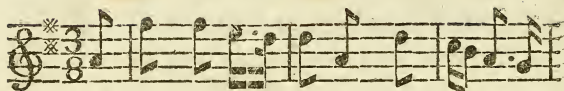
The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the lang day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While, happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest:
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the fast pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell:
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

SONG XLVII.

THE MOMENT AURORA.



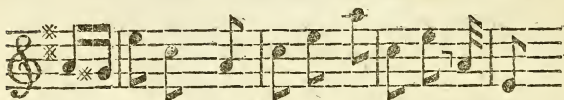
The moment Au - ro - ra peep'd in - to my



room, I put on my clothes and I call'd for my



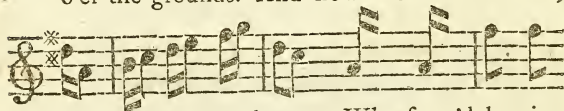
groom: Will Whistle, by this, had uncoupl'd



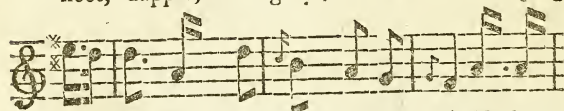
the hounds; Who lively and mettlesome frisk'd



o'er the grounds. And now we're all faddl'd,



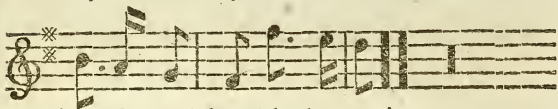
fleet, dapple, and grey; Who seem'd longing



to hear the glad sound hark away! Hark a-



way! Hark away! Who seem'd longing to



hear the glad sound hark away!

'Twas now, by the clock, about five in the morn;
And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn:
Jack Garter, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the goose,
When, all of a sudden, out starts Mrs Pufs;
Men, horses, and dogs, not a moment would stay,
And echo was heard to cry, Hark, hark away!

The course was a fine one she took o'er the plain;
Which she doubl'd, and doubl'd, and doubl'd again;
Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,
Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death:
Then, in triumph, for you I the hare did display;
And cry'd to the horns, my boys, Hark, hark away!

SONG XLVIII.

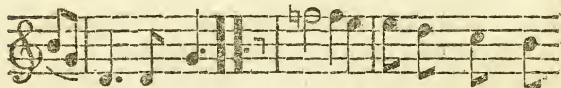
O GREEDY MIDAS.



O greedy Midas, I've been told, That what



you touch you turn to gold, That what you touch



you turn to gold. O had I but a pow'r like



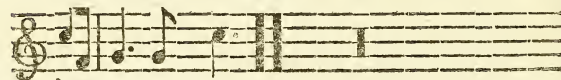
thine, O had I but a pow'r like thine, I'd tu - - -



----- -rn I'd



turn whate'er I touch to wine. I'd turn whate'er



I touch to wine.

Each purling stream should feel my force,

Each fish my fatal power mourn,

Each fish, &c.

And wond'ring at the mighty change,

And wond'ring, &c.

Shou'd in their native regions burn,

Shou'd in, &c.

Nor shou'd there any dare t' approach

Unto my mantling sparkling shrine,

Unto my, &c.

But first shou'd pay their vows to me,

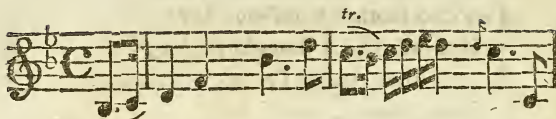
But first, &c.

And stile me only god of wine.

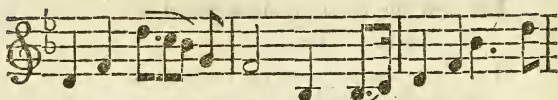
And stile, &c.

SONG XLIX.

BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.



Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev' - - - ry fwain, I'll



tell how Peggy grieves me ; Tho' thus I languish



and complain, Alas she ne'er believes me : My



vows and sighs, like si - lent air, Un - heed - ed



ne - - ver move her, The bon - - ny bush a-



boon Tra-quair, Was where I first did love her.

That day she smil'd and made me glad ;
No maid seem'd ever kinder :
I thought myself the luckiest lad
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame
In words that I thought tender ;
If more there pass'd I'm not to blame ;
I meant not to offend her.

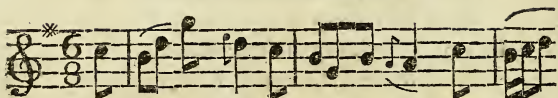
Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented ;
If e'er we meet she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember ;
But now her frowns make it decay ;
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
Oh, make her partner in my pains !
And let her smiles relieve me !
If not, my love will turn despair ;
My passion no more tender ;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair ;
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

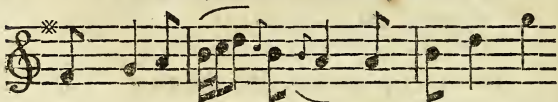
K

SONG L.

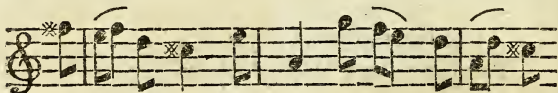
THE CUCKOW SONG.



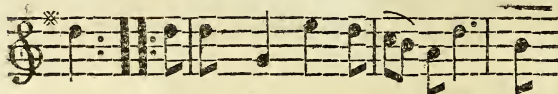
When daisies pied, and violets blue, And la--



dy-smocks all fil-ver white, And cuckow-buds



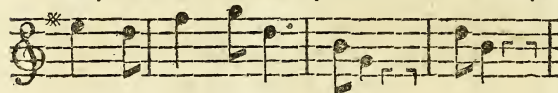
of yellow hue, Do paint the meadows with de-



light; The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree, Mocks



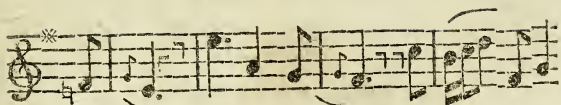
marry'd men, Mocks marry'd men, Mocks marry'd



men; for thus sings he: Cuckow, cuckow,



cuckow, cuckow, cuckow, cuckow; O word



of fear ! O word of fear ! Un-plea-sing to



a marry'd ear ; Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
 When turtles traed, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks marry'd men ; for thus sings he :
 Cuckow, cuckow ;---O word of fear !
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

SONG LI.

RULE, BRITANNIA.



When Britain, first, at Heav'n's command,



Arose ----- from out the a -- zure main,



Arose from out the azure main, This was



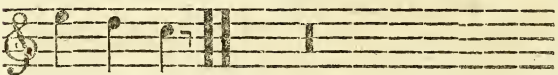
the charter, the charter of the land, And guar-



dian an -- - gels sung this strain : Rule, Britan-



nia, Britannia, rule the waves, Britons ne -- -ver



shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee

Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;

Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;

Whilst thou shalt flourish---shalt flourish great and
free,

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,

More dreadful, from each foreign stroke ;

More dreadful, from each foreign stroke ;

As the loud blast that---loud blast that tears the skies

Serve but to root the native oak,

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;

All their attempts to bend thee down,

All their attempts to bend thee down,

Will but arouse thy---arouse thy gen'rous flame,

But work their wo and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;

Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;

Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;

And thine shall be the---shall be the subject main ;

And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair :
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair :
 Blest isle ! with matchless—with matchless beauty
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

SONG LII.

MA CHERE AMIE.



Ma chere amie, my charm - - - ing fair,



Whose smiles can banish ev' - - ry care ; In kind



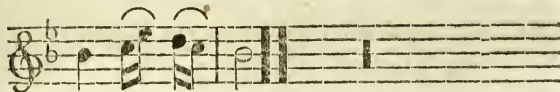
compassion smile on me, Whose on - - - ly



care is love of thee. Ma chere a - - - mie ;



Ma chere a - - - mie ; Ma chere a - - mie ;



Ma chere a - - - - mie.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
 My bosom caught the tender flame.
 May friendship in thy bosom be
 Converted into love for me !
 Ma chere amie, &c.

Together rear'd, together grown,
 O let us now unite in one !
 Let pity soften thy decree !
 I droop, dear maid ; I die for thee !
 Ma chere amie, &c.

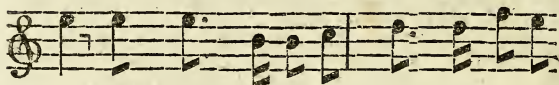
SONG LIH.

THE WHISTLING PLOWMAN.

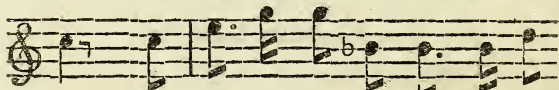
Recit.



The whistling plowman hails the blushing



dawn: The thrush melodious drowns the rustic



note: Loud sings the blackbird thro' resound-



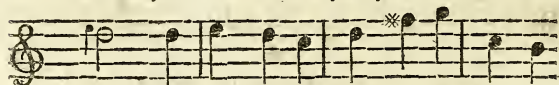
ing groves: And the lark soars to meet the ri-



sing fun. Away to the copse, to the copse



lead away; And now my boys throw off the



hounds. I'll warrant he shows us, he shows us



some play: See yonder he skulks thro' the



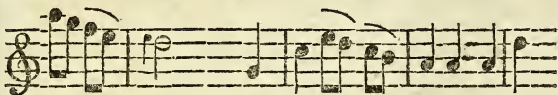
grounds ----- See yonder he skulks thro'



the grounds. Then spur your brisk courfers,



and smoke 'em my bloods; 'Tis a delicate scent



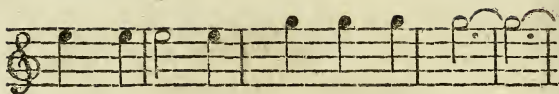
ly - ing morn; What concert is equal to those



of the woods, Betwixt echo, the hounds, and



the horn? The hounds and the horn, the hounds



and the horn, the hounds and the horn, ----





betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn.

Each earth, see, he tries at in vain;

The cover no safety can find;

So he breaks it, and scowrs amain,

And leaves us at distance behind.

O'er rocks and o'er rivers and hedges we fly;

All hazards and dangers we scorn.

Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die:

Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale;

All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;

His speed can no longer prevail;

Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

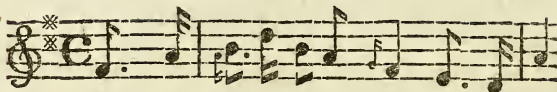
From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
he fled :

See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn !

The farmers with pleasure behold him ly dead,
And shout to the sound of the horn.

SONG LIV.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.



When the sheep are in the fauld, And the ky



at hame, And a' the world to sleep are gane,

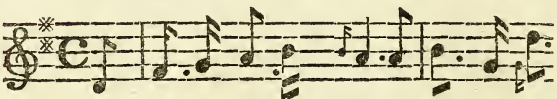


The waes o' my heart fa' in show'rs frae my e'e,



When my gudeman lies sound by me.

NEW SET OF AULD ROBIN GRAY.



Young Jamie lov'd me well, and ask'd me for



his bride, But fa - - ving a crown, he had nae-



thing else beside : To make the crown a pound



my Jamie gae'd to sea ; And the crown and the



pound were baith for me. He had nae been



gane but a year and a day, When my fa - ther



brak his arm and our cow was stoun a - way ;



My mither she fell sick ; and Jamie at the sea ; and



auld Robin Gray came a - court - ing to me.

My father cou'dna work, my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win:
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in
his e'e,

Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!"

My heart it said, Na; and I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew hard, and the ship it was a
wrack;

The ship it was a wrack—why didna Jenny dee?

O why was she spar'd to cry, Wae's me?

My father urg'd me fair; my mither didna speak;
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to
break:

Sae I gae him my hand, but my heart was i' the sea,
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting fae mournfully ae night at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and little did we say;

We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.

I wish that I were dead; but I'm no like to dee!

How lang shall I live to cry, O wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I downa think to spin;

I'darena think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin:

But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be;

For Auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me.

SONG LV.

THE DEATH OF AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Largo.



The summer was smiling, all nature round



look'd gay, When Jenny was attending on auld



Robin Gray : For he was sick at heart, and had



nae friend beside, But only me, poor Jenny, who



newly was his bride. Ah, Jenny, I shall dee,



he cry'd, as fure as I had birth ! Then see my



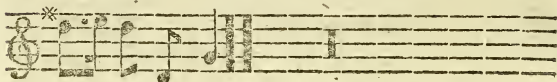
poor auld banes, pray, laid in the earth ; And



be a widow for my sake a twelvemonth and a



day, And I'll leave you whate'er belongs to



auld Robin Gray.

I laid poor Robin in the earth as decent as I could,
And shed a tear upon his grave ; for he was very good.
I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I figh'd,
O wae's me ! what shall I do since poor auld Robin
dy'd ?

Search ev'ry part throughout the land, there's nane
like me forlorn,

I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was born :
For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah ! he is gone away,
My father's dead, my mother's dead, and eke auld
Robin Gray.

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun till setting
day,

And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for
Robin Gray ;

I did the duty of a wife both kind and constant too ;
Let ev'ry one example take, and Jenny's plan pursue ;
I thought that Jamie he was dead, to me or he was lost ;
And all my fond and youthful love entirely was cross'd ;
I try'd to sing, I try'd to laugh, and pass the time away,
For I had ne'er a friend alive since dy'd auld Robin
Gray.

* At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'dna
guess the cause ;

But Rodney was the man, they said, who gain'd so
much applause.

I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me,
And show'd a purse of golden ore, and said it is for
thee.

Auld Robin Gray, I find is dead, and still your heart
is true ;

Then take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will be so too :
Mefs John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be blithe
and gay,

I blush'd, consented, and reply'd, adieu to Robin Gray.

* This verse is to be sung quick.

SONG LVI.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.



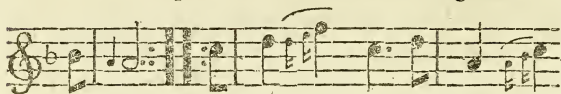
When trees did bud, and fields were green,



And broom bloom'd fair to see, When Mary



was complete fifteen, And love laugh'd in



her e'e :. Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did



move to speak her mind thus free ; Gang down



the burn, Davie, love, And I will fol-low thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass

That dwelt on this burn side ;

And Mary was the bonniest lass,

Just meet to be his bride.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
Her e'en were bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And nothing, sure, unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a walk so sweet.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

His cheeks to her's he fondly laid;
She cry'd, "Sweet love, be true;
"And when a wife, as now a maid,
"To death I'll follow you."
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
Straight to the kirk he led her,
There plighted her his faith and truth,
And a bonny bride he made her.
No more a sham'd to own her love,
Or speak her mind thus free;
"Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
"And I will follow thee."

SONG LVII.

FRIEND AND PITCHER.

Moderato.



The wealthy fool with gold in store, Will still



desire to grow richer, Give me but these, I

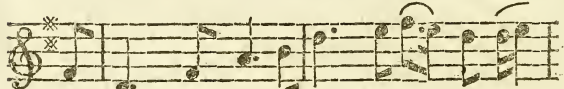


ask no more, My charming girl, my friend and

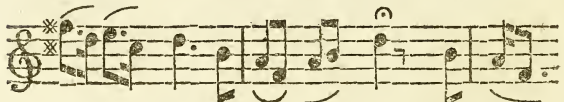
Chorus.



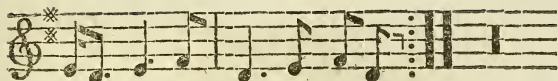
pitcher. My friend so rare, my girl so fair,



with such what mortal can be richer? Give



me but these, a fig for care, With my



sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning fun I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I know not what can bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

SONG LVIII.

Tune---*Friend and Pitcher.*

THE silver moon that shines so bright,
I swear, with reason, is my teacher ;
And if my minute-glass runs right,
We've time to drink another pitcher.
'Tis not yet day, 'tis not yet day ;
Then why should we forsake good liquor ?
Until the sun-beams round us play,
Let's jocund push about the pitcher.

They say that I must work all day,
And sleep at night, to grow much richer ;
But what is all the world can say,
Compar'd to mirth, my friend, and pitcher.
'Tis not yet day, &c.

Tho' one may boast a handsome wife,
Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her ;
Unvex'd I live a cheerful life,
And boldly call for t'other pitcher ?
Tis not yet day, &c.

I dearly love a hearty man
(No sneaking milk-sop Jemmy Twitcher),
Who loves a lass and loves a glass,
And boldly calls for t'other pitcher.
'Tis not yet day, &c.

SONG LIX.

MARY'S DREAM.



The moon had climb'd the high-est hill,



Which ri - ses o'er the source of Dee, And



from the eastern sum - mit shed Her fil - ver



light on tow'r and tree ; When Mary laid her



down to sleep, Her thoughts on Sandyfar



at sea, When soft and low a voice was



heard, say, Ma-ry weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be.
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow eye ;

“ O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
“ It lies beneath a stormy sea,
“ Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
“ So Mary, weep no more for me.

“ Three stormy nights and stormy days
“ We tofs'd upon the raging main :
“ And long we strove our bark to save,
“ But all our striving was in vain:
“ Ev'n then, when horror chil'd my blood,
“ My heart was fill'd with love for thee :
“ The storm is past, and I at rest,
“ So Mary, weep no more for me.

“ O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
“ We soon shall meet upon that shore,
“ Where love is free from doubt and care,
“ And thou and I shall part no more.”
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see ;
But soft the passing spirit said,
“ Sweet Mary, weep no more for me”

SONG LX.

HIGHLAND MARCH.



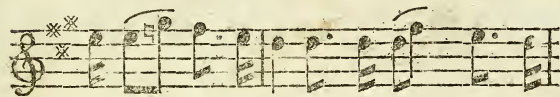
In the garb of old Gaul and the fire of



old Rome, From the heath-cover'd mountains



of Sco - tia we come: On those mountains



the Romans attempted to reign; But our



ancestors fought, and they fought not in



vain. Tho' no ci - - ty nor court of our gar



ment approve, 'Twas presented by Mars at



a fe-nate, to Jove; And, when Pallas ob-



serv'd at a ball 'twould look odd, Mars receiv'd



from his Ve-nus a smile and a nod.

No intemperate tables our sinews unbrace;
Nor French faith nor French foppery our country dis-
grace:

Still the hoarse-founding pipe breathes the true martial
strain,

And our hearts still the true Scottish valour retain.
'Twas with anguish and woe that, of late, we beheld
Rebel forces rush down from the hills to the field;
For our hearts are devoted to George and the laws;
And we'll fight like true Britons, in liberty's cause.

But still, at a distance from Britain's lov'd shore,
 May her foes, in confusion, her mercy implore !
 May her coasts ne'er with foreign invasions be spread !
 Nor detested rebellion again raise its head !
 May the fury of party and faction long cease !
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase ;
 And, in Scotia's cold climate, my each of us find
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties
 prove kind !

SONG LXI.

To the foregoing Tune.

In the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come :
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain ;
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.
 Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
 That, like our ancestors of old, we stand by freedom's
 cause ;
 We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and
 applause,
 And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our
 laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace ;
 No luxurious tables enervate our race ;

Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain ;
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
Are swift as the roe which the hind doth assail :
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes ;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance :
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they su'd for a truce.

Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease !
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase !
And, in Scotia's cold climate, may each of us find
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties
prove kind !

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our
laws,

And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's
cause ;

That they, like our ancestors bold, for honour and
applause,

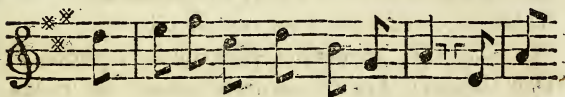
May defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

SONG LXII.

POOR JACK..



Go patter to lubbers and fwabs, do ye fee,



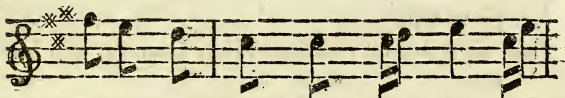
'Bout danger and fear and the like, A tight



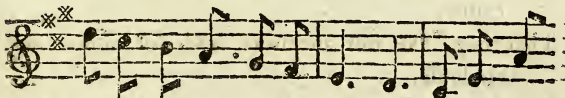
water boat and good sea-room give me, And



t'ent to a little I'll strike. Tho' the tempest top-



gallant masts smack smooth should smite, And



shiver each splinter of wood, And shiver each



splinter of wood. Clear the wreck, stow



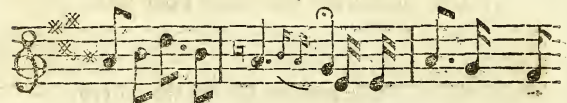
the yards, and bouze ev'ry thing tight, And



under reef'd foresail we'll scud :---Avast, nor



don't think me a milk-sop so soon, To be taken



for trifles a--back. For they say there's a



providence sits up aloft, They say there's a pro-



vidence sits up aloft, to keep watch for the life.



of poor Jack..

Why I heard the good chaplin palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
 And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay,,
 Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch ;
 But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,,
 Without orders that comes down below,
 And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me,,
 That Providence takes us in tow ;
 For says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top fails of failors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack..

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
 When last we weighed anchor for sea,
 What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye ?
 Why what a damn'd fool you must be :
 Can't you see the world's wide and there's room for
 us all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ;
 And if to old Davy I should go friend Poll,
 Why you never will hear of me more :

What then, all's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a failor should be every inch
As one as a piece of a ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to
flinch;

From the moment the anchor's a trip :
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's;
And as for my life 'tis the king's.

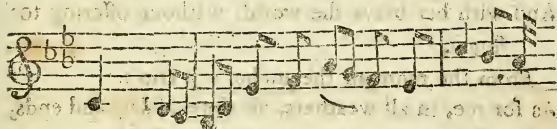
Even when my time comes ne'er believe me so soft:
As with grief to be taken abaek:
That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

SONG LXIII.

THE BUD OF THE ROSE.



Her mouth, which a smile, de-void of all



guile, half o-pens to view, is the bud of the



rose, is the bud of the rose, in the morning



that blows, impearl'd with the dew, impearl'd



with the dew; the bud of the rose impearl'd



with the dew. More fragrant her breath.



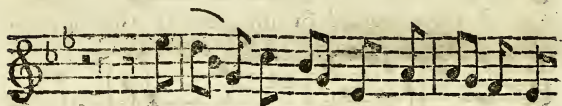
than the flow'r scented heath, than the flow'r



scented heath at the dawning of day; the



hawthorn in bloom, the lily's perfume,



the lily's perfume or the blossoms of



May. Her.

SONG XLIV.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.



'Twas in the good ship Rover, I sail'd the



world around, And for three years and o-ver



I ne'er touch'd British ground, And for three



years and o-ver I ne'er touch'd British ground :



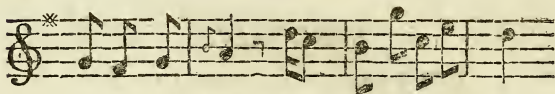
At last in England landed, I left the roaring



main ; Found all relations stranded, And went



to sea again : At last in England landed, I left



the roaring main ; Found all relations strand-



ed, And went to sea again, And went to sea



a - gain, And went to sea a - gain ; Found all



relations stranded, And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
 Right fore and aft we bore ;
 But, when we'd made Cap Ortugal,
 A gale blew off the shore :
 She lay, so did it shock her,
 A log upon the main ;
 Till, sav'd from Davy's locker,
 We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
 Upon a squally night,
 Thunder and light'ning hailing
 The horrors of the fight.

My precious limb was loped off,
I when they'd eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popped off,
And went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;
The king, God blefs his royalty,
Who fav'd me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

N

SONG LXV.

I TRAVERS'D JUDAH'S BARREN SAND.



I travers'd Judah's barren sand, At beauty's



altar to a-dore, But there the Turk had spoil'd



the land, And Sion's daughters were no more.



In Greece the bold imperious mein, The wanton



look, the leering eye, Bade love's devotion not



Le ren, While constancy is ne-ver nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair shore
I bent my never ceasing way,
And to Loretta's temple bore
A mind devoted still to pray.
But there, too, Superstition's hand
Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me soon regain the land,
Where beauty fills the western shore.

Where Hymen with celestial pow'r
Connubial transport doth adorn;
Where purest virtue sports the hour
That ushers in each happy morn.
Ye daughters of old Albion's isle,
Where'er I go, where'er I stray;
O charity's sweet children smile
To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

With every simple childish art
I try'd each day to move her ;
The cherry pluck'd the bleeding heart,
To give to Patty Clover.
Patty Clover, &c.

The fairest flow'rs to deck her breast,
I chose—an infant lover ;
I stole the goldfinch from its nest,
To give to Patty Clover.
Patty Clover, &c..

SONG LXVII.

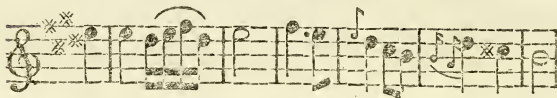
IN MY PLEASANT NATIVE PLAINS.



In my pleasant na - tive plains, Wing'd



with bliss each moment flew; Nature there



inspir'd the strains, Simple as the joys I knew;



Jocund morn and evening gay, Claim'd the



merry, merry roundelay, Claim'd the merry



merry roun - de - lay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
All that health and joy impart,
Call'd for artless music's pow'rs ;
Faithful echoes to the heart.
Happy hours for ever gay, .
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,
Wak'd the warblers of the grove ;
Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing :
Wou'd not join the song of love.
Your sweet notes and chantings gay,
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

SONG LXVIII.

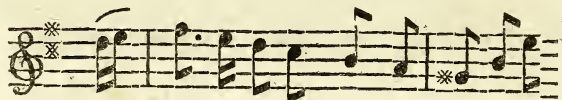
WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE.



When William at eve meets me down at



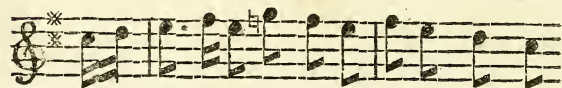
the stile, How sweet is the nightingale's song:



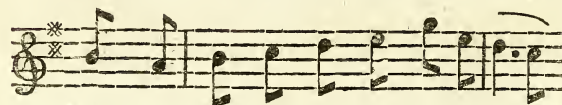
When William at eve meets me down at the



stile, How sweet is the nightingale's song:



Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,



Whilst the moon plays you branches a-mong,



Whilst the moon plays -----



----- Whilst the moon plays yon



branches among.

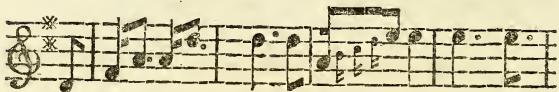
By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,
And believe ev'ry word of his song :
You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

SONG LXIX.

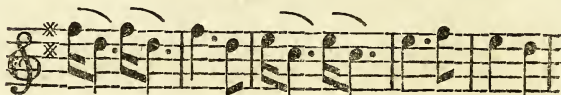
HIGHLAND QUEEN.



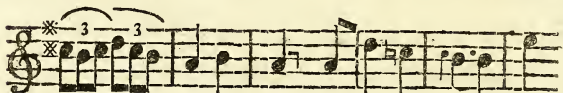
No more my song shall be, ye swains,



Of purl--ing streams, or flow'ry plains; More



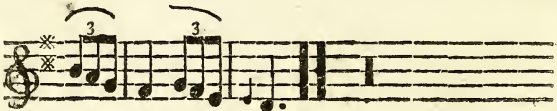
plea-sing beauties now in-spire, And Phœbus



tunes the warbling lyre; Divinely aided, thus



I mean To ce--le--brate to ce--le--brate



my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike she smiles on you and me;
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No fordid wish, or trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy;
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole;
A matchless shape a graceful mien,
All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle Fate
Has destin'd for so fair a mate;
Has all these wond'rous gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more:
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

SONG LXX.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.



The night her silent fa-ble wore, And



gloomy were the skies ; Of glitt'ring stars ap-



pear'd no more than those in Nel-ly's eyes.



When to her father's door I came, Where I



had of-ten been, I begg'd my fair, my love-



ly dame, to rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove ;
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll :
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very soul.

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part ?
I loved her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondness I obey'd,
Resolv'd she should be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Transporting is my joy :
No greater blessing can I prove,
So blest'd a man am I :
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart ;
But virtue only is the chain
Holds never to depart

SONG LXXI.

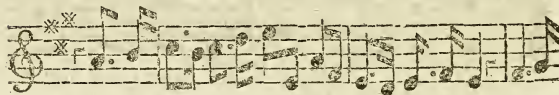
WHILE THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.



While the lads of the village shall mer-ri-ly



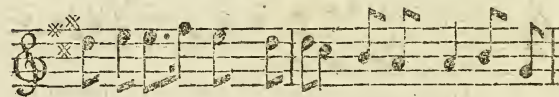
ah, Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee a - long,



And I say unto thee, that ve - ri - ly ah, ve -



ri - ly ah, ve - ri - ly ah, ve - ri - ly ah, ve -



ri - ly ah, Thou and I will be first in the



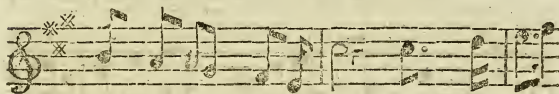
throng:----- Thou and I will be first



in the throng. Just then when the youth



who last year won the dow'r, With his mate



shall the sports have begun ; When the gay



voice of gladness is heard from each bow'r,



Li. C.

And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.



Those joys that are harmless what mortal can



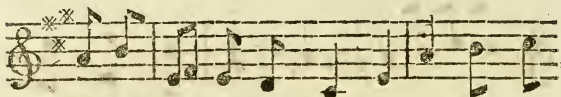
blame? 'Tis my maxim that youth should be



free ; And to prove that my words and my



deeds are the same, to prove that my words



and my deeds are the same, Believe thou shalt



pre-sent-ly see.

Da Capo.

SONG LXXII.

DEATH OF LUBAN.



Young Luban was a shepherd's boy, Fair Ro-



sa - lie a rustic maid; They look'd, they lov'd,



each other's joy, Together o'er the hills they



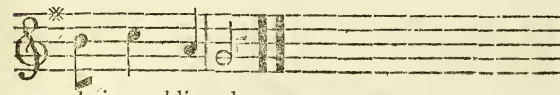
stray'd. Their parents saw and blest their love,



Nor would their happiness delay; to-morrow's



dawn their bliss shall prove; To-morrow be



their wedding day.

When as at eve, beside the brook,
Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,
One luckless lamb the current took—
'Twas Rosalie's—she started wild.
“Run, Lubin, run—my fav'rite save”—
Too fatally the youth obey'd :
He ran, he plung'd into the wave
To give the little wand'rer aid.

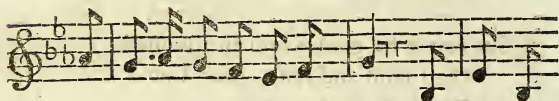
But scarce he guides him to the shore,
When faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies :
Ah Rosalie ! for evermore
In his cold grave thy lover lies.
On that lone bank—oh ! still be seen
Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid !
And with sad wreaths of cypress green
For ever soothe thy Lubin's grave.

SONG LXXIII.

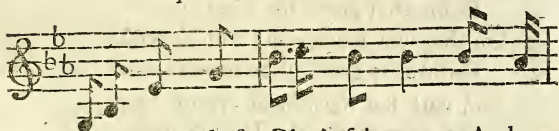
THE TWINS OF LATONA.



The twins of La-to-na, so kind to my boon,



Arise to partake of the chace; And Sol lend



a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon; And a



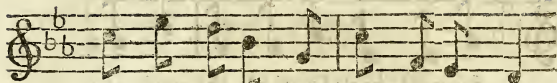
smile to the smiles on her face. For the sport



I delight in the bright Queen of Love With



myrtles my brows shall adorn, While Pan



breaks his chanter, and skulks in the grove,



Excell'd by the sound of the horn, by the

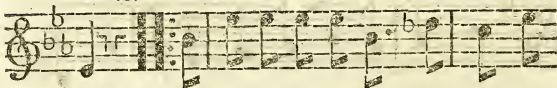


sound of the horn - - - - -



- - - - - Excell'd by the sound of the

:S:



horn. The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is



their cry, Yet sweeter the notes of sweet e-



cho's reply. Sweet echo, sweet echo, Hark



forward, hark forward, the game is in view,



But love is the game that I wish to pursue,



But love is the game that I wish to pursue.



The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps



out, His sentence he hears in the gale, Yet



flies till entangled in fear and in doubt, His



courage and constancy fail. Surrounded by



foes, He prepares for the fray, Despair tak-



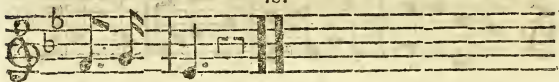
ing place of his fear. With antlers erected,

Slow.



a while stands at bay, Then surrenders his life

:S:



with a tear.

Da Capo al Segno.

SONG LXXIV.

EWE-BUGHTS MARION.



Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion, And wear



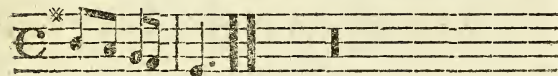
in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet, my



Marion, But nae half sae sweet as thee. The sun



shines sweet, my Marion, but nae half sae



sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
 And the blyth blink's in her e'e;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's goud in your garters, Marion,
And filk on your white haufs-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kifs my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

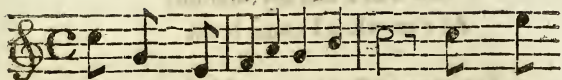
And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown,
And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me Marion;
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

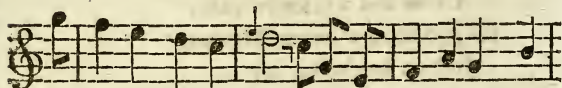
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramafie!
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and see-ye.

SONG LXXV.

ERE BRIGHT ROSINA.



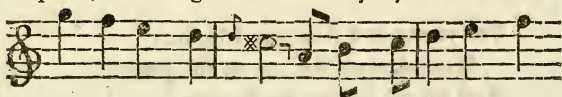
Ere bright Rosina met my eyes, How peace-



ful past the joyous day; In rural sports I gain'd the



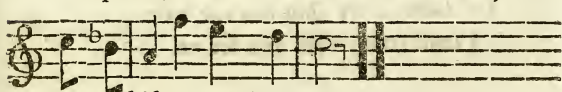
prize, Each virgin listen'd to my lay : But now no



more I touch the lyre, No more the rustic sport



can please, I live the slave of fond desire, Lost



to myself, to mirth and ease.

The tree, which in a happier hour,

Its boughs extended o'er the plain,

When blasted by the light'ning's pow'r,

Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

The tree, &c.

SONG LXXVI.

AS DERMOT TOIL'D.



As Dermot toil'd one summer's day, Young



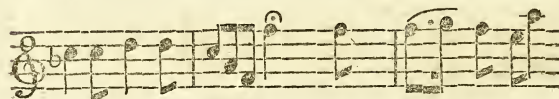
Shelah, as she sat beside him, Fairly stole his



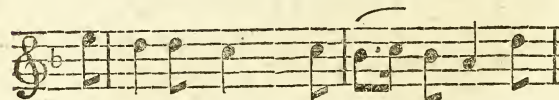
pipe away, Oh, then, to hear she did deride



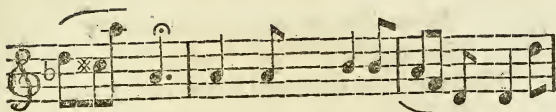
him. Where, poor Dermot, is it gone, Your



li - ly li - ly loo -- dle? They've left you no-



thing but the drone, And that's yourself, you



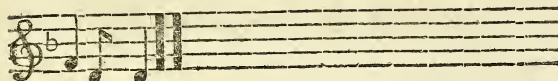
noo --dle. Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loodle,



Beam bum, boodle, loodle, loo. Poor Dermot's



pipe is lost and gone, And what will the poor



de-vil do?

Fait now I am undone, and more,

Cried Dermot---Ah! will you be easy?

Did you not steal my heart before?

Is it you have made a man run crazy?

I've nothing left me now to moan;

My lily lily loodle

That us'd to cheer me so, is gone,

Ah! Dermot, thou'rt a noodle.

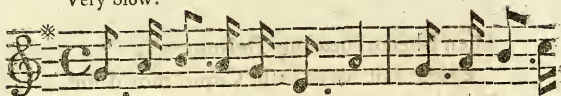
Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loodle,
Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loo,
My heart, and pipe, and peace, are gone,
What next will cruel Shelah do?

Then Shelah, hearing Dermot vex,
Cried, fait 'twas little Cupid mov'd me,
You fool, to steal it out of tricks,
Only to see how much you lov'd me.
Come cheer thee, Dermot, never moan,
But take your lily loodle ;
And, for the heart of you that's gone,
You shall have mine, you noodle.
Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loodle,
Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loo ;
Shelah's to church with Dermot gone ;
And, for the rest---what's that to you?

SONG LXXVII.

LEWIS GORDON.

Very Slow.



O fend Lewis Gordon hame, And the lad I



winna name ; Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's

Chorus.



to him that's far awa. Oh, hon, my High-



land man ! Oh, my bonny Highland man !



Weel would I my true love ken Amang ten



thousand Highland men.

O to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes.
Philibeg aboon his knee !
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.

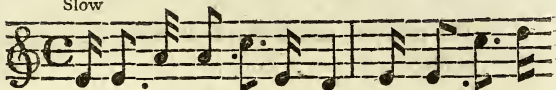
The princely youth that I do mean
Is fitted for to be a king :
On his breast he wears a star :
You'd take him for the god of war.

Oh, to see this princely one
Seated on his father's throne !
Disasters a' wou'd disappear :
Then begins the jub'lee here !

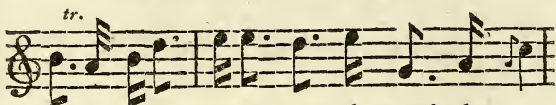
SONG LXXVIII.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Slow



Up amang yon clifffy rocks, Sweetly rings the



rising e-cho, To the maid that tends the goats,



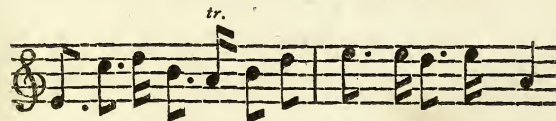
Lilting o'er her native notes. Hark ! she sings,



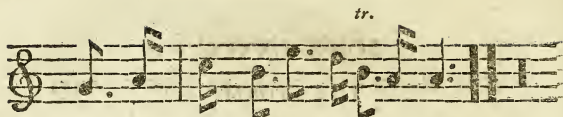
“ Young Sandy's kind, An' he's promis'd ay to



lo'e me ; Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tin'd Till



he's fairly marry'd to me. Drive away, ye drone,



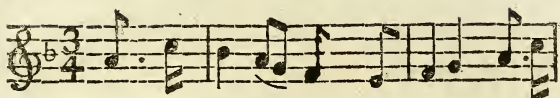
Time, An' bring about our bridal day.

“ Sandy herds a flock o’ sheep ;
 “ Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 “ In a strain fae fastly sweet,
 “ Lammies, list’ning, dare nae bleat.
 “ He’s as fleet’s the mountain roe,
 “ Hardy as the Highland heather,
 “ Wading thro’ the winter snaw,
 “ Keeping ay his flock together,
 “ But a plaid, wi’ bare houghs,
 “ He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

“ Brawly he can dance and sing,
 “ Canty glee or Highland cronach ;
 “ Nane can ever match his fling
 “ At a reel, or round a ring.
 “ Wightly can he wield a rung ;
 “ In a brawl he’s ay the bangster ;
 “ A’ his praise can ne’er be sung
 “ By the langest winded sangster,
 “ Sangs that sing o’ Sandy
 “ Come short, tho’ they were e’er fae lang.”

SONG LXXIX.

THE STORM.



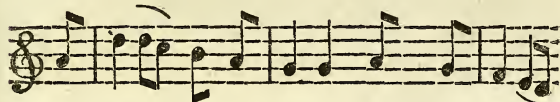
Cease, Rude Boreas, blust'ring railer, Lift ye



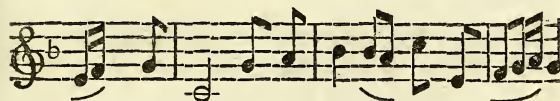
landsmen all to me, Messmates, hear a brother



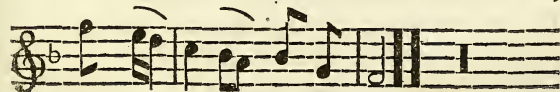
sailor sing the dangers of the sea, From bound-



ing billows first in motion, When the distant



whirlwinds rise, To the tempest-troubled ocean,



where the seas contend with skies.

Lively.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
 By top-sail sheets, and haulyards stand !
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling !
 Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand !
 Now it freshens, set the braces ;
 Quick the top-sail sheets let go ;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces !
 Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

Slow.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Free from all but love's alarms,—
 Round us roar the tempest louder ;
 Think what fear our mind enthralls.
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder ;
 Now again the boatswain calls.

Quick.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course !
 Let the foresheets go ; don't mind, boys,
 Though the weather should be worse.—
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get ;
 Reef the mizen ; see all clear :
 Hand up ! each preventer-brace set ;
 Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

Slow.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
Peals on peals contending clash !
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !
In our eyes blue lightnings flash !
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky !
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

Quick.

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, 'twelve feet 'bove deck.
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ;
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces !
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold.

Slow.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn ;
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;
Alas ! from hence there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below,
Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
For only that can save us now !

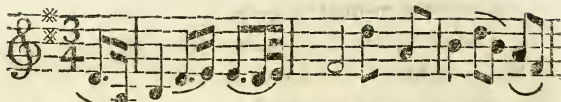
Quick.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys ;
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
To the pump come every hand, boys ;
See our mizen-mast is gone,
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast :
We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
Up, and rig a jury fore-mast ;
She rights, she rights, boys ! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune spar'd our lives ;
Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it ;
Close to th' lips a brimmer join.
Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?
None ! our danger's drown'd in wine !

SONG LXXX.

THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE.



O San - dy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to



mourn, Thy prefence could ease me, when nai-



thing can please me, Now dowie I figh on



the banks of the burn, Or thro' the wood lad-



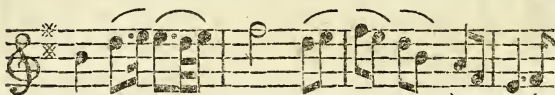
die, un - til thou return. Tho' woods now



are gay, and mornings so clear, while lavrocks



are finging, and prim - ro - fes springing ; Yet



nane of them pleases my eye nor mine ear,



When thro' the wood laddie ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare na to tell :

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith evening and morning ;

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,

When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

'Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But, quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow ;

Wha's living in langour till that happy day,

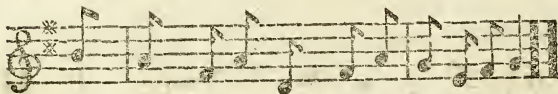
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and
play.

SONG LXXXI.

HOW HAPPY THE SOLDIER.



How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,



And spends half a crown out of sixpence a day ;



Yet fears neither justices, warrants, or bums,



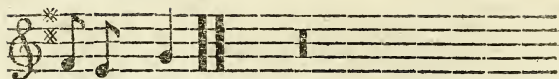
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.



With row de dow, row de dow, row de dow,



dow ; And he pays all his debts with the roll



of his drums.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes ;
His king finds him quarters, and money, and clothes ;
He laughs at all forrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of his drums.

With a row de dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,
It leads him to pleasure as well as to fight ;
No girl, when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.

With a row de dow, &c.

SONG LXXXII.

BONNY BET.



No more I'll court the town-bred fair, Who



shines in ar-ti-ficial beauty, For native charms,

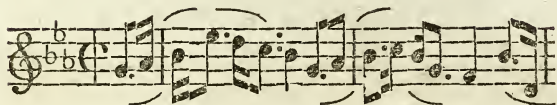
Yet, ask me where those beauties lie,
I cannot say in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature wild and simple.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And sigh in numbers trite and common,
Ye gods one darling wish be mine,
And all I ask is lovely woman.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing,
My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
With rapture every sense entrancing.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

SONG LXXXIII.

OH NANNY WILT THOU FLY WITH ME ?



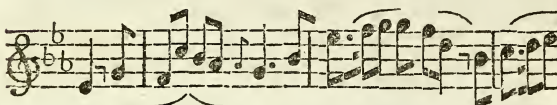
Oh Nan-ny, wilt thou fly with me, Nor



fing to leave the charming town ? Can fi-



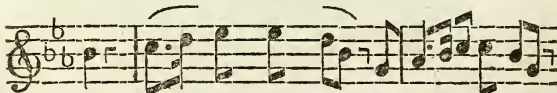
lent glens have charms for thee, The low-ly



cote and ruffet gown ? No longer drest in silk-



en sheen, No longer deck'd with jewels



rare ! Say, canst thou quit the bu- fy scene,



Where thou wert fairest of the fair? Say,



canst thou quit the bu - - fy scene, Where thou



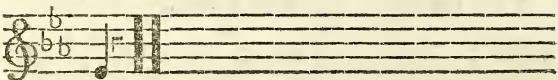
wert fair - - - est of - - - - the fair? Where



thou - - - wert fairest, where thou - - - - wert



fairest, where thou - - - - wert fair - est of the



fair?

O Nanny when thou 'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
Say, can't thou face the flaky snaw
Nor shrink before the warping wind ?
O can that fast and gentlest mien
Severest hardships learn to bear ?
Nor, sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nanny, can't thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae,
Or when thy fwain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae ?
And when invading pains befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurses care,
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair ?

And when, at last, thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?
And wilt thou, o'er his much loved clay,
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair ?

SONG LXXXIV.

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.



The day is departed, and round from the



cloud The moon in her beauty appears ; The



voice of the nightingale warbles aloud The



mu-sic of love in our ears, Maria appear !



now the season so sweet With the beat of the



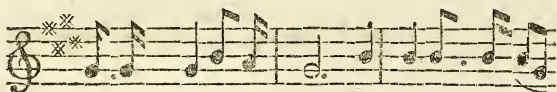
heart is in tune ; The time is so tender for



lovers to meet Alone by the light of the



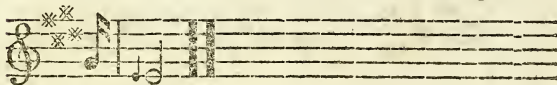
moon, alone by the light of the moon, alone



by the light of the moon, a-lone by the light



of the moon, a - - - lone by the light of



the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel ;

I sigh---Can a lover do more ?

Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,

Yet I think of her all the day o'er.

Maria, my love ! do you long for the grove,

Do you sigh for an interview soon ;

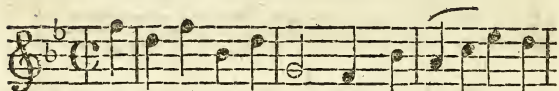
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,

Alone by the light of the Moon ?

Your name from the shepherds, whenever I hear,
 My bosom is all in a glow ;
 Your voice, when it vibrates, so sweet thro' mine ear,
 My heart thrills---my eyes overflow.
 Ye pow'rs of the sky, will your bounty divine
 Indulge a fond lover his boon ;
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine
 Alone by the light of the Moon ?

SONG LXXXIV.

THE PLOUGH-BOY.



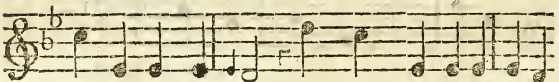
A flaxen-headed cow-boy, as sim-ple as



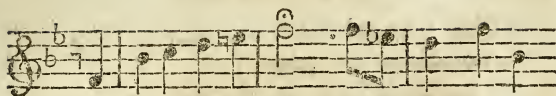
may be, And next a merry plough-boy, I whist-



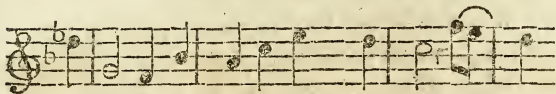
led o'er the lee ; But now a faucy footman, I



strut in worsted lace ; And soon I'll be a butler'



And wag my jol-ly face : When Steward I'm



promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's bill, My mas-



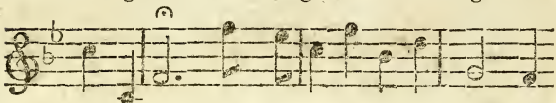
ter's coffers empty my pockets for to fill. When



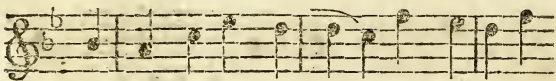
lolling in my chariot, So great a man I'll be,



So great a man, so great a man, so great a



man I'll be, You'll forget the little plough-boy



that whistled o'er the lee, You'll forget the



little plough-boy That whistled o'er the lee.

I'll buy votes at elections,
 But when I've made the pelf,
 I'll stand poll for the parliment,
 And then vote in myself :
 Whatever's good for me, fir,
 I never will oppose ;
 When all my ayes are fold off,
 Why, then I'll sell my noes.
 I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph,
 With speeches charm the ear,
 And when I'm tir'd on my legs,
 Then I'll sit down a peer.
 In court or city honour,
 So great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy
 That whistl'd o'er the lea.

SONG LXXXIV.

WHEN RURAL LADS AND LASSES GAY.



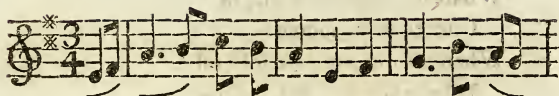
When ru-ral lads and lasses gay Proclaim'd the



birth of rosy May, When round the May-pole

SONG LXXXVII.

AMYNTA.



My sheep I've for-sa-ken and left my sheep-



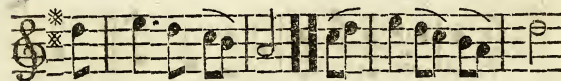
hook, And all the gay haunts of my youth I've



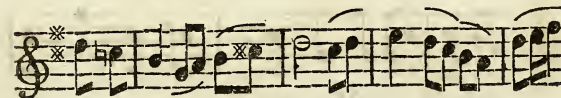
for - fook ; No more for A -- myn -- ta fresh



garlands I wove : For ambition, I said, would



foon cure me of love. Oh what had my youth



with am-bi-tion to do? Why left I A - myn-



ta? Why broke I my vow? O give me



my sheep, and my sheep-hook re-store, And I'll



wander from love and A - myn-ta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me of love;
O fool! to imagine that ought can subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true.

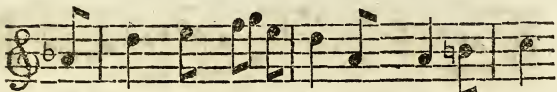
O what had my youth, &c.

Alas, 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor shepherd! Amynta no more can be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;
The moments neglected return not again.

O what had my youth, &c.



on the green, The rustic dancers all were seen :



'Twas there young Jenny met my view, Her like



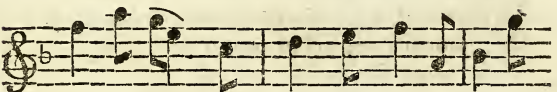
before I never knew : She fung so sweet and



danc'd so gay, A-las she danc'd my heart a-



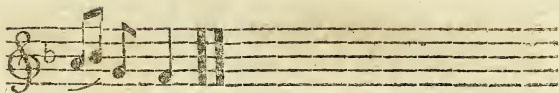
way : She fung so sweet, she fung so sweet, she



fung so sweet, and danc'd so gay, Alas she



danc'd my heart away, Alas she danc'd my



heart away.

At eve when cakes and ale went round,
 I plac'd me next her on the ground :
 With harmless mirth and pleasing jest,
 She shone more bright than all the rest.
 I talk'd of love and press'd her hand,
 Ah ! who could such a nymph withstand !
 Well pleas'd she heard what I could say ;
 Alas, she lur'd my heart away.

She sung so sweet, &c.

She often heav'd a tender sigh,
 While rapture sparkled in her eye :
 So winning was her face and air,
 It might the coldest heart insnare.
 But when I ask'd her for my bride,
 And (blushing,) she to wed comply'd,
 What youth on earth cou'd say her nay,
 Whose charms might steal all hearts away.

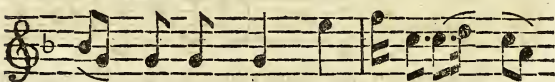
She sung so sweet, &c.



scribes the soft pow'r, The honey-dew drops



from his lip : And sure when of love he de-



scribes the soft pow'r, The honey-dew drops



from his lip.

How sweet is the primrose, the violet how sweet,

And sweet is the eglantine breeze,

But Corydon's kifs when by moonlight we meet,

To me is far sweeter than these,

I blush at his raptures, I hear all his vows,

I sigh when I offer to speak ;

And oh what delight my fond bosom o'er flows

When I feel the soft touch of his cheek.

Responsive and shrill be the notes from the spray,

Let the pipe thro' the village resound ;

SONG LXXVIII.

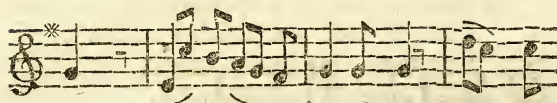
BEAUTY.



What is beauty, but a flow'r, A rose that



bloßoms for an hour, Cherish'd by the tears of



spring, Fann'd by ev'ry zephyr's wing : See how



foon its colour flies, Blushing, trembles, droops,



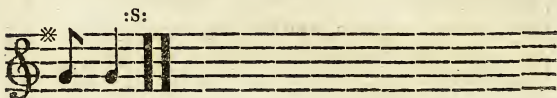
and dies. Age will come with wintry face, Ev'-



ry tranſient joy to chace ; Age will come with



win - - try face, Ev' - - ry tran - sient joy



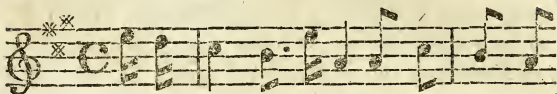
to chace.

Friendship's but an empty name,
 Glitt'ring like a vap'rish flame ;
 Youth flies fast and soon decays,
 Bliss is lost while Time delays.
 Deck, O, deck, your couch with flow'rs,
 Laugh away the sportive hours ;
 Then since life's a fleeting day,
 Ah ! enjoy it while you may.

Be smiles in each face O ye shepherds to day,
And ring the bells merrily round,
Your favours prepare my companions with speed,
Assist me my blushes to hide,
A twelvemonth ago on this day I agreed
To be my lov'd Corydon's bride.

SONG LXXXIX.

GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS,



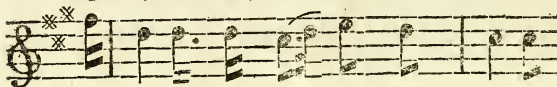
To my muse give attention, and deem it



not a mystery, If we jumble together music,



poetry, and history : The times to display in



the days of Queen Bess, Sir, Whose name and



whose mem'ry po-ste-ri-ty may blefs, Sir. O the



golden days of good Queen Bess ; Merry be the



memory of good Queen Bess.

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of dons and armadas,
With their gunpowder puffs, and their blustering
bravadoes ;

For we knew how to manage both the musket and
the bow, Sir,

And cou'd bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a
crow, Sir.

O the golden, days &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were
thatch'd, Sir,

Our windows were lattic'd and our doors only latch'd,
Sir ;

Yet so few were the folks that would plunder and
rob, Sir,

That the hangman was starving for want of a
Job, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs tied round about
the neck fast,

Would gobble up a pound of beef steakes for their
breakfast ;

While a close quil'd-up coif their noddles just did fit,
Sir,

And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit,
Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted hose,
Sir,

With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of our
beaus, Sir ;

Strong beer they prefer'd to claret or to hock Sir
And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox
Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as beef,
Sir,

And the poor from the rich ne'er wanted relief, Sir ;
While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle and
the plow, Sir,

And honest men could live by the sweat of their
brow, Sir,

O the golden days, &c.

Then football, and wrestling, and pitching of the bar,
Sir,

Were prefer'd to a flute, to a fiddle, or guitar, Sir ;
And for jaunting, and junketting, the fav'rite regale,
Sir,

Was a walk as far as Chelsea, to demolish buns and ale,
Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the folks, ev'ry Sunday, went twice, at least
to church, Sir,
And never left the parson or his sermon in the
lurch, Sir,
For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to be
good in, Sir.
And they thought it Sabbath-breaking if they din'd
without a pudding, Sir.
O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men
were great, Sir,
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
state, Sir;
For the sov'reign and subject one interest sup-
ported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was
courted
O the golden days, &c.

Then the high and mighty states, to their everlasting
stain, Sir,
By Britons were releas'd from the galling yoke of
Spain, Sir,
And the rous'd British lion, had all Europe then
combin'd, Sir,
Undismay'd would have scatter'd them, like chaff
before the wind, Sir.
O the golden days, &c.

Thus they ate, and they drank, and they work'd, and
 they play'd, Sir,
 Of their friends not aham'd, nor of enemies afraid,
 Sir :
 And little did they think, when this ground they stood
 on, Sir,
 To be drawn from the life, now they're all dead and
 gone, Sir.
 O the golden days, &c.

SONG XC.

THE GOLDEN DAYS WE NOW POSSESS ;

A Sequel to the favourite Song of Good Queen Bess.

To the foregoing Tune.

IN the praise of Queen Bess lofty strains have been
 sung, Sir ;
 And her fame has been echo'd by old and by young,
 Sir ;
 But from times that are past we'll for once turn our
 eyes, Sir,
 As the times we enjoy 'tis but wisdom to prize, Sir,

Then whate'er were the days of Good
Queen Befs,
Let us praise the golden days we now
possess.

Without armies to combat, or armadas to withstand,
Sir,
Our foes at our feet, and the sword in our hand, Sir,
Lasting peace we secure while we're Lords of the
seas, Sir,
And our stout wooden walls are our sure guaran-
tees, Sir,
Such are the golden days we now possess,
Whatever were the days of Good Queen
Befs.

No Bigots rule the roast, now, with persecution dire;
Sir,
Burning zeal now no more heaps the faggot on the
fire, Sir :
No bishop now can broil a poor Jew like a pigeon,
Sir ;
Nor barbacie a Pagan, like a pig, for religion, Sir.
Such are, &c.

Now no legendary faint robs the lab'rer of one day,
Except now and then when he celebrates St Monday :
And good folks, ev'ry sabbath, keep church without
a pother, Sir,

By walking in at one door, and stealing out at t'other,
Sir.

Such are, &c.

Then for dress—modern belles bear the bell beyond
compare, Sir,

Though farthingales and ruffs are got rather out of
wear, Sir;

But when truss'd up, like pullets, whether fat, lean,
or plump, Sir,

'Tis no matter, so they've got but a merrythought
and rump, Sir,

Such are, &c.

Such promontories, sure, may be styl'd inaccessible,
As our small-cloaths, by prudes, are pronounc'd
inexpressibles;

And the taste of our beaus won't admit of dispute, Sir,
When they ride in their slippers, and walk about in
boots, Sir.

Such are, &c.

Our language is refin'd too, from what 'twas of yore,
Sir,

As a shoe string's the dandy, and a buckle's quite a
bore, Sir;

And if rais'd from the dead, it wou'd sure poze the
noddle, Sir,

Of a Shakspere, to tell what's the Tippy, or the
Twaddle, Sir.

Such are, &c.

Then for props of the state, what can equal in story,
Sir,
Those two stately pillars, call'd a Whig and a Tory,
Sir ;
Though by shifting their ground, they sometimes get
so wrong, Sir,
They forget to which side of the house they belong,
Sir.
Such are, &c.

But as props of their strength and uprightness may
boast, Sir,
While the proudest of pillars may be shook by a post
Sir ;
May the firm friends of freedom her blessings inherit,
Sir,
And her foes be advanc'd to the post which they
merit, Sir.
Then shall the golden days we now possess
Far surpass the boasted days of good Queen Bess.

And as the name of Brunswick claims duty, love,
and awe, Sir,
Far beyond a Plantagenet, a Tudor, or Nassau, Sir,
Let the sceptre be sway'd by the son or the fire, Sir
May their race rule this land till the globe is on fire
Sir ;
And may their future days, in glory and success,
Far surpass the golden days we now possess.

SONG XCI.

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.

OR,

SATURDAY NIGHT.



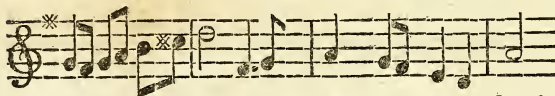
'Tis said we ven'trous die-hards, When we



leave the shore, Our friends should mourn lest



we return To blefs their fight no more. But this



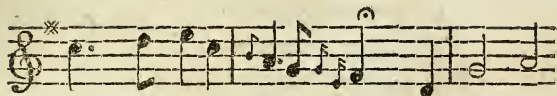
is all a notion Bold Jack can't understand ;



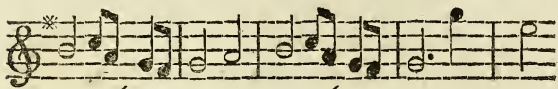
Some die upon the ocean, And some on land.



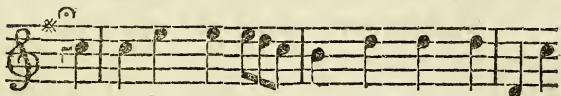
Then since 'tis clear, Howe'er we steer, No



man's life's under his command ; Let tempests



howl, And billows rowl, And danger prefs,



Of those in fpight there are fome joys, Us jolly



tars to blefs ; For Saturday night ftill comes,



my boys, To drink to Pell and Befs.

One feaman hands the fails, another heaves the log,

The purfer fwops,

Our pay for flops,

The landlord fells us grog.

Thus each man to his ftation,

To keep life's fhip in trim

What argufies noration,

The reft is fortunes whim.

Cheerly my hearts
Then play your parts,
Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim ;
The mighty surge
May ruin urge,
And danger prefs ;
Of those in spight there are some joys,
Us jolly tars to blefs.
For saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Befs.

For all the world just like the ropes aboard a ship ;
Each man's rigg'd out
A vessel stout,
To take for life a trip :
The shrouds and stays, and braces,
Are joys and hopes and fears ;
The halliards sheets and traces
Still as each passion veers ;
And whim prevails
Direct the sails
As on the sea of life he steers.
Then let the storm
Heaven's face deform,
And danger prefs ;
Of those in spight there are some joys
All jolly Tars to blefs.
For saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Befs.

SONG XCII.

AN IRISH DRINKING SONG.



Of the ancients its speaking my soul you'd be



after, That they never got how come you so,



Would you se-ri-ously make the good folks die



with laughter ; To be sure their dogs tricks we



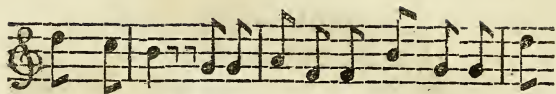
don't know : To be sure their dogs tricks we



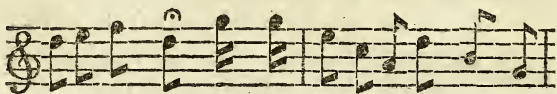
don't know. With your smalli-liow nonsense, and



all your queer bodderns, Since whisky's a li-



quor divine : To be sure the old ancients, as well



as the moderns, Did not love a fly fup of good



wine ; Did not love a fly fup of good wine.

Apicius and Æſop, as authors affure us,
 Would fwig 'till as drunk as a beaft,
 Then what do you think of that rogue Epicurus,
 Was not he a tight hand at a feaft.
 With your ſmalliliow, &c.

Alexander the great at his banquets who drank
 hard,
 When he no more worlds could ſubdue,
 Shed tears, to be ſure, but 'twas tears of the tank-
 ard,
 To reſreſh him and pray would not you,
 With your ſmalliliow? &c.

Then that to'ther old fellow they call'd Aristotle,
Such a devil of a tipler was he,
That one night having taken too much of his bottle,
The taef staggered into the sea.
With your smalliliow, &c.

Then they made what they called of their wine a
libation,
Which, as all authority quotes,
They threw on the ground---musha, what bodera-
tion,
To be sure 'twas not thrown down their throats.
With your smalliliow, &c.

T

SONG XCIV.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.



On Richmond hill there lives a lass, More



bright than May-day morn, Whose charms all



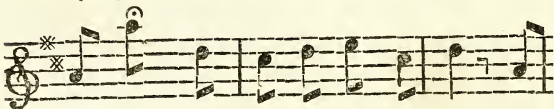
other maids surpass, A rose without a thorn.



This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has won



my right good will : I'd crowns resign, to call



thee mine, Sweet lass of Richmond hill, sweet



lafs of Richmond hill, sweet lafs of Richmond



hill ; I'd crowns resign to call thee mine, Sweet



lafs of Richmond hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
 And wanton thro' the grove,
 Oh whisper to my charming fair
 I die for her and love.
 This lafs so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,
 Who calls this nymph his own:
 O may her choice be fix'd on me,
 Mine's fix'd on her alone.
 This lafs so neat, &c.

SONG XCV.

I'D THINK ON THEE, MY LOVE.



In storms when clouds obscure the sky, And



thunders roll, and lightning's fly, In midst of all



these dire alarms, I think, my Sally, on thy



charms. The troubled main, The wind and rain, My



ar - dent pas - - sion prove ; Lash'd to the helm,



Should seas o'erwhelm, I'd think on thee, my love,



I'd think on thee, my love, I'd think on thee,



my love ; Lash'd to the helm, shou'd seas o'er-



whelm, I'd think on thee, my love.

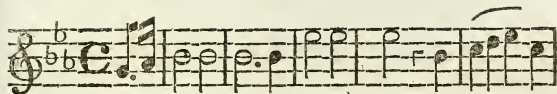
When rocks appear on every side,
 And art is vain the ship to guide,
 In varied shapes when death appears,
 The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers,
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove,
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Shou'd seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee my love.

But shou'd the gracious pow'rs be kind,
 Dispel the gloom and still the wind,

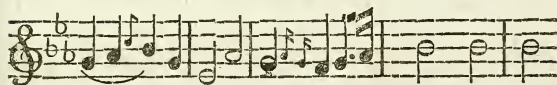
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore ;
 No more the main,
 I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve ;
 I then with thee,
 Shou'd happy be,
And think on nought but love.

SONG XCVI.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.



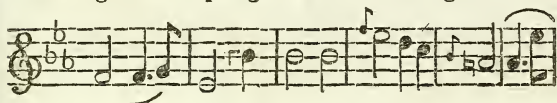
Of all sensations pi-ty brings, To proudly



swell the ample heart, From which the will-



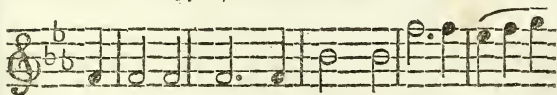
ing sorrow springs, In o--thers griefs that



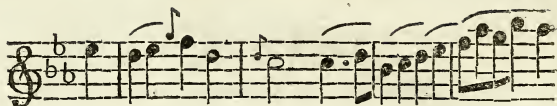
bears a part : Of all sad sym-pa - thy's de-



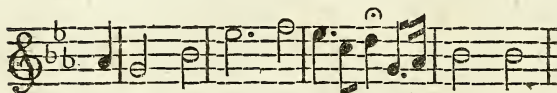
light, The manly dig - ni - ty of grief ;



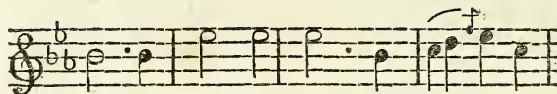
A joy in mourning that excites And gives



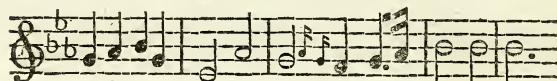
the an - - xious mind re - - lief, And gives



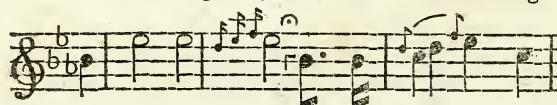
the anxious mind re - lief: Of these would



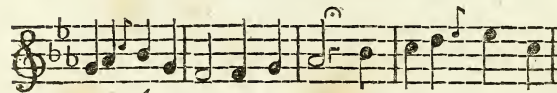
you the feel - ing know, Most gen' - rous,



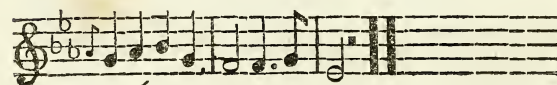
no - - ble, greatly brave, That ever taught



a heart to glow, 'Tis the tear that be -



dews a fol - dier's grave, The tear that be -



dews a fol - dier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot,
Let dangers come, he braves them all ;
Valiant perhaps to be forgot,
Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall :
Yet wrapp'd in conscious worth secure,
The world that now forgets his toil,
He views from a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile.
Then traveller one kind drop bestow
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave ;
Nought ever bid the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

SONG XCVII.

DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.

OR,

A Sequel to the favourite Song of Poor Jack.

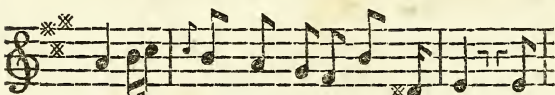
When last honest Jack, of whose fate I



now sing, Weigh'd anchor and cast out for



sea; For he never refus'd for his country and



king To fight, for no lubber was he: To



hand, reef, and steer, and bouse ev'ry thing



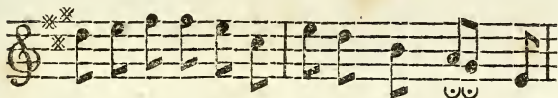
tight, Full well did he know ev'ry inch: Tho'



the toplifts of failors the tempest should smite,



Jack never was known for to flinch: Tho' the



toplifts of failors the tempest should smite, Jack



never was known for to flinch.

Aloft from the mast-head one day he espied
 Seven sail which appear'd to his view
 Clear the decks, sponge the guns, was instantly cried,
 And each to his station then flew;
 'And fought until many a noble was slain,
 And silenc'd was every gun;
 'Twas then that old English valour was vain,
 For by numbers, alas! they're undone.

Yet think not Bold Jack, tho' by conquest dismay'd,
 Could tamely submit to his fate :
 When his country he found he no longer could serve
 Looking round, he address'd thus each mate ;
 What's life, d'ye see, when our liberty's gone,
 Much nobler it were for to die,
 So now for old Davy—then plung'd in the main ;
 E'en the Cherub above heav'd a sigh.

SONG XCVIII.

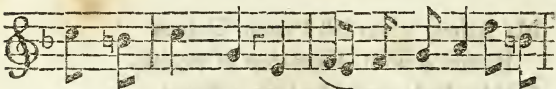
NOTHING LIKE GROG.



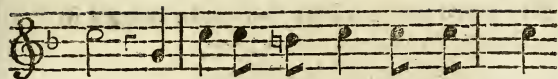
A plague of those musty old lubbers, Who



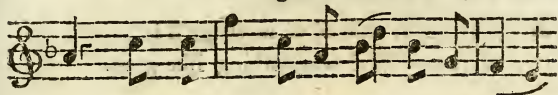
tell us to fast and to think, And patient fall in



with life's rubbers, With nothing but water to



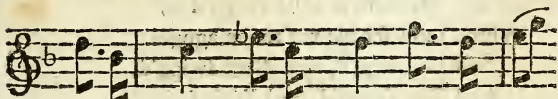
drink: A can of good stuff had they twigg'd



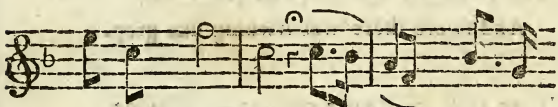
it, Would have set them for pleasure a - - gog.



And spite of the rules, And spite of the rules



of the schools, The old fools would have all



of 'em fwigg'd it, And swore there was



nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Gninea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cried---Jack, never be such a ninny
To drink---Says I---father, your health

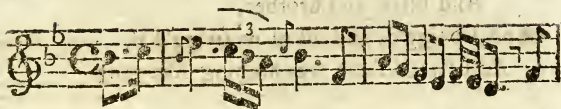
So I pafs'd round the stuff---soon he twigg'd it,
And it fet the old codger agog,
And he fwigg'd, and mother,
And fister and brother,
And I fwigg'd, and all of us fwigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

One day, when the Chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously flunk,
And, while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk,
I tipt him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
Which foon fet his rev'rence agog.
And he fwigg'd, and Nick fwigg'd,
And Ben fwigg'd, and Dick fwigg'd,
And I fwigg'd, and all of us fwigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me there's nothing as drinking
So pleasant on this fide the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave.
For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has fo fet me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've constantly fwigg'd it,
And dam'me there's nothing like grog.

SONG XCVIII.

DONALD.



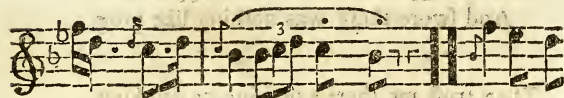
When first you courted me, I own, I



fond - ly fa - - - vour'd you, Ap - - pa - - rent



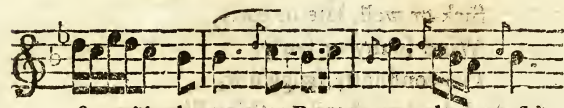
worth, and high re - - nown Made me be-



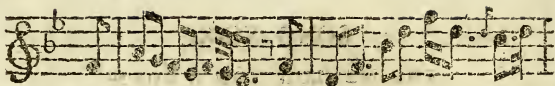
lieve you true, Do - nald. Each vir-tue



then seem'd to a - - - - dorn The man e-



seem'd by me, But now the mask's



thrown off, I scorn to waste one thought on

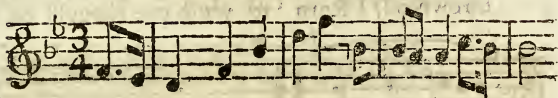


thee, Donald.

O then for ever haste away,
 Away from love and me ;
 Go seek a heart that's like your own,
 And come no more to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve myself alone,
 For one that's more like me,
 If such a one I cannot find,
 I fly from love and thee, Donald.

SONG XCIX.

THE MELLOW TON'D HORN.



The grey-ey'd Aurora, in saffron ar-ray,



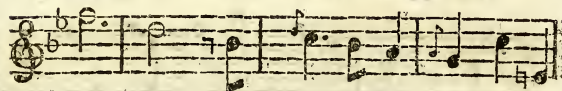
'Twixt my curtains in vain took a peep; And



tho' broader and broader still brightened the



day, Nought could rouse me, so sound did I



sleep: Nought could rouse me, so sound did I.



sleep. At length rosy Phœbus look'd full in



my face, Full and fervent, but nought would



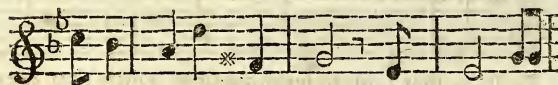
not do; Till the dogs yelped impatient



and long'd for the chace, And shouting and



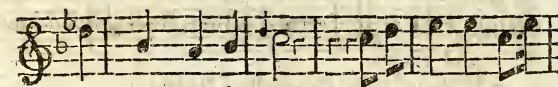
shouting appear'd the whole crew, And shout-



ing appear'd the whole crew. Come on, yoices



honies, hark forward, my boys, There ne'er was



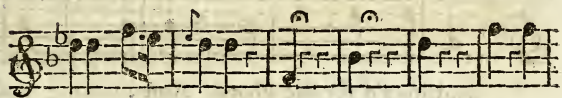
so charming a mern. Follow, follow, wake



Echo to share in our joys. Now the music, now



the music, now the music, now echo, now the



music, now echo, mark, mark, hark, hark, The



silver-mouth'd hound, and the mellow-toned horn.

Fresh as that smiling morning from which they drew
health,

My companions are ranged on the plain,
Blest with rosy contentment that nature's best wealth,
Which Monarchs aspire to in vain,
Now spirits like fire every bosom invade,
And now we in order set out,
While each neighbouring valley, rock, wood-land
and glade,
Re—vollys the air rending shout.

Come on yoics honies, hark forward my boys,
 There ne'er was so charming a morn :
 Follow, follow, wake echo to share in our joys.
 Now the music—now echo—mark, mark,
 Hark, hark.
 The silver-mouth'd hound and the mellow-toned
 horn.

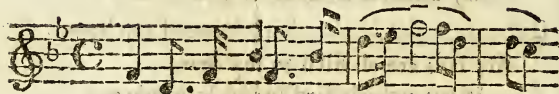
Now Reynard's unearthed and runs fairly in view,
 Now we've lost him, so subtly he turns ;
 But the scent lies so strong, still we fearless pursue,
 While each object impatiently burns,
 Hark, babler gives tongue, and fleet, driver, and fly.
 The Fox now the covert forsakes ;
 Again he's in view, let us after him fly,
 Now now to the river he takes,
 Come on, yoics honies, hark forward my boys,
 There ne'er was so charming a morn :
 Follow, follow, wake echo to share in our joys.
 Now the music—now echo—mark, mark,
 Hark, hark,
 The silver-mouth'd hound and the mellow-toned
 horn.

From the river poor Reynard can make but one
 push,
 No longer so proudly he flies,
 Tir'd, jaded, worn out, we are close to his brush,
 And conquer'd by numbers he dies :

And now in high glee to the board we repair,
Where fat, as we jovially quaff,
His portion of merit let every man share,
And promote the convivial laugh :
Come on, yoics honies, hark forward my boys,
We ne'er had so charming a morn ;
As we followed, kind echo still shared in our joys.
Now the music---now echo---mark, mark,
Hark, hark,
The silver mouth'd-hound and the mellow-toned
horn.

SONG C.

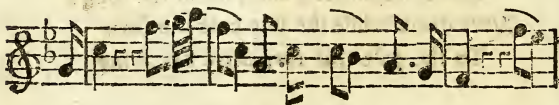
HOMEWARD BOUND.



Loose ev'ry sail to the breeze, The course



of my vessel improve, I've done with the toils of



the seas, Ye sailors! I'm bound to my love, Ye



sailors! I'm bound to my love, Ye sailors! I'm



bound to my love. I've done with the toils of the



seas, Ye sailors! I'm bound to my love.

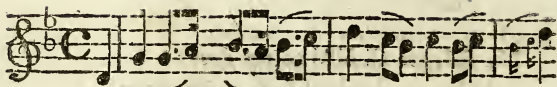
Since Emma is true as she's fair,
My griefs I fling all to the wind,
'Tis a pleasing return for my care ;
My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear :
What tropick-bird swifter can move,
Who cruel shall hold his career,
That returns to the nest of his love.

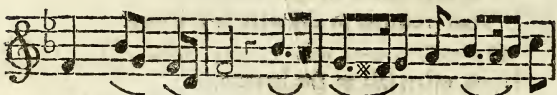
Hoist ev'ry sail to the breeze,
Come, ship-mates, and join in the song ;
Let's drink while the ship cuts the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.

SONG CI.

GILDEROY.



Ah Chloris! cou'd I now but fit As un-



concern'd as when Your in - - - fant beau-ty



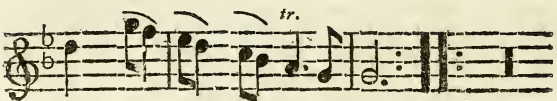
cou'd beget No hap-pi-ness nor pain. When



I this dawning did admire, And prais'd the co-



ming day, I lit - - - tle thought that ri - - - sing



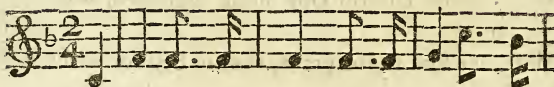
fire Wou'd take my rest a-way.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
As metals in a mine ;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine :
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection press'd ;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

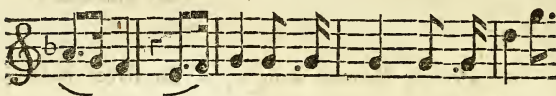
My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art ;
To make a beauty, she.

SONG CII.

DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.



O Fortune, how strangely thy gifts are a-



warded, How much to thy shame thy caprice is



re-corded ; As the wise, great, and good, of thy



frowns seldom scape a-ny, Witness brave Be-li-



fa-ri-us, Who begg'd for a halfpenny. Date o-



bolum, date obo-lum, date o-bolum Be-li-fari-o.

He, whose fame from his valour and vic'tries arose,
 Sir;
 Of his country the shield, and the scourge of her foes,
 Sir,
 By his poor faithful Dog, blind and aged, was led,
 Sir,
 With one foot in the grave, thus to beg for his bread,
 Sir.

Date obolum, &c.

When a young Roman knight, in the street passing
 by, Sir,
 The vet'ran survey'd, with a heart-rending sigh, Sir,
 And a purse in his helmet he dropp'd with a tear, Sir;
 While the foldier's sad tale thus attracted his ear, Sir,
 Date obolum, &c.

" I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for
 " Rome, Sir.
 " I have crown'd her with laurels, which for ages
 " will bloom, Sir;
 " I've enrich'd her with wealth, swell'd her pride
 " and her power, Sir;
 " I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my dow'r, Sir.
 Date obolum, &c.

" Yet blood I ne'er wantonly wasted at random,
 " Losing thousands their lives, with a nil desperandum;

“ But each conquest I gain’d, I made friend and foe
 “ know,

“ That my soul’s only aim was pro publico bono.
 Date obolum, &c.

“ I no colonies lost by attempts to enslave them ;

“ I of Romans free rights never strove to bereave
 “ them ;

“ Nor to bow down their necks to the yoke, for my
 “ pleasure,

“ Have an Empire dismember’d or squander’d its
 “ treasure.

Date obolum, &c.

“ Nor yet for my friends, for my kindred, or self, Sir,

“ Has my glory been stain’d by the base views of pelf,
 “ Sir,

“ For such sordid designs I’ve so far been from carving

“ Old and blind, I’ve no choice but of begging or
 “ starving.

Date obolum, &c.

“ Now, if soldier, or statesman, of what age or nation,

“ He hereafter may be, shou’d hear this relation ;

“ And of eye-sight bereft, shou’d, like me, grope his
 “ way, Sir,

“ The bright sun-beams of virtue will turn night to
 “ day, Sir,

Date obolum &c.

“ So I to distrefs and to darknefs inur’d, Sir,

“ In this vile cruft of clay when no longer immur’d,
“ Sir,

“ At death’s welcome ftroke my bright courfe fhall
“ begin, Sir,

“ And enjoy endlefs day from the funfhine within,
Sir,

Date Obolum, Date obolum, Date obolum Beli-
fario.

SONG CHII.

THE CAN OF GROG.



When up the shrouds the failor goes, And ven-



tures on the yard, The landman, he no better knows,



Believes his lot is hard, be-lieves his lot is



hard : Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,



Weighs anchor, heaves the log : Trims all the



fails, belays the sheets; And drinks his can of



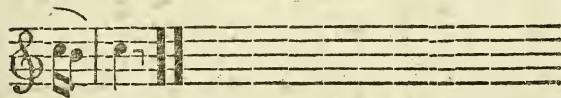
grog : Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,



Weighs anchor, heaves the log ; Trims all the



fails, be-lays the sheets, And drinks his can



of grog.

If to engage they give the word,

To quarters he'll repair,

Now sinking in the dismal flood,

Now quiv'ring in the air ;

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,

Weighs anchor, heaves the log ;

Trims all the fails, belays the sheets,

And drinks his can of grog.

Bold Jack &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
 You ne'er hear him repine,
 Tho' he's on Greenland's icy shore,
 Or burning in the line.
 Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
 Weighs anchor, heaves the log ;
 Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
 And drinks his can of grog.
 Bold Jack, &c.

SONG CIV.

THE BANKS OF THE SHANNON.



In summer when the leaves were green,



And blossoms deck'd each tree, Young Teddy



then declar'd his love, His artless love to me :



On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat, And there



he told his tale: "O Patty, softest of thy



fex, Oh let fond love prevail; Ah, well-a-day



You see me pine In sorrow and despair, Yet



heed me not, then let me die, And end my



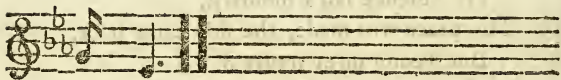
grief and care."—"Ah no, dear youth, I soft-



ly said, Such love demands my thanks; And



here I vow eternal truth on Shannon's flow-



-ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth,
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
 And then we gather'd sweetest flowers,
 And play'd, such artless pranks:
 But woe is me the press-gang came,
 And forc'd my Ned away,
 Just when we nam'd next morning fair,
 To be our wedding day.

My love, he cry'd, they force me hence,
 But still my heart is thine,
 All peace be your's, my gentle Pat,
 While war and toil is mine.
 With riches I'll return to thee,
 I sob'd out words of thanks,
 And then we vow'd eternal truth,
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth,
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks,

And then I saw him sail away
And join the hostile ranks.
From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,
His absence sad I mourn'd,
The peace was made, the ship came back,
But Teddy ne'er return'd.

His beauteous face and manly form,
Has won a nobler fair,
My Teddy's false, and I forlorn
Must die in sad despair.
Ye gentle maidens see me laid,
While you stand round in ranks,
And plant a willow o'er my head,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

SONG CVI.

THE SIEGE OF TROY.



I sing of a war set on foot for a toy, And



of Paris and Helen and Hector and Troy, Where



on women, kings, gen'ral's, and coblers you



stumble, And of mortals and gods meet a very



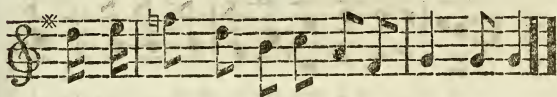
strange jumble. Sing didderoo, bubberoo, Oh my



joy, how sweetly they did one another destroy.



Come fill up your bumper, the whisky enjoy,



May we ne'er see the like of the siege of Troy.

Menelaus was happy wid Helen his wife,
 Except dat she led him a devil of a life ;
 Wid dat handsome tae'f Paris she'd toy and she'd play,
 Till they pack'd up their awls and they both ran away,
 Sing didderoo, &c.

Agamemnon, and all the great chiefs of his house,
 Soon took up the cause of this hornified spouse ;
 While Juno said this thing and Venus said that,
 And the Gods fell a wrangling they knew not for what.
 Sing didderoo, &c.

Oh den such a slaughter and cutting of trotes,
 And slaying of bullocks and off'ring up goats ;
 Till the cunning Ulysses the Trojans to cros,
 Clapt forty fine féllows in one wooden horse.
 Sing didderoo, &c,

Oh den for to see the maids, widows and wives,
Crying some for their virtue, and some for their lives
Thus after ten years they'd defended their town,
Poor dear Troy in ten minutes was all burnt down.
Sing didderoo, &c.

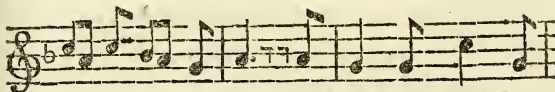
But to see how it ended's the best joke of all ;
Scarce had wrong'd Menelaus ascended the wall ;
But he blubb'ring saw Helen, and, oh strange to tell,
The man took his mare, and so all was well,
Sing didderoo, bubberoo, oh my joy,
How sweetly they did one another destroy :
Come still up your bumpers, the whisky enjoy,
May we ne'er see the like of the siege of Troy.

SONG CVII.

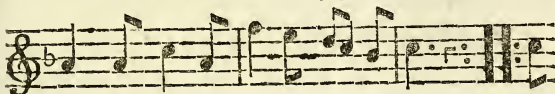
WHEN FIRST THIS HUMBLE ROOF I KNEW.



When first this humble roof I knew, With



various cares I strove; My grain was scarce, my



sheep were few, My all of life was love. By



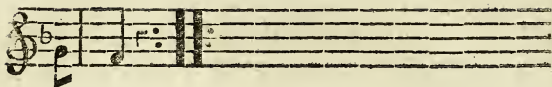
mutual toil our board was dress'd, The spring our



drink bestow'd; But when her lip the brim had



press'd, The cup with nectar flow'd, with nec-



tar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh ;
In them was given, tho' gold was spar'd,
What gold could never buy.
No value has a splendid lot,
But as the means to prove,
That from the castle to the cot,
The *all* of life is *love*.

SONG CVIII.

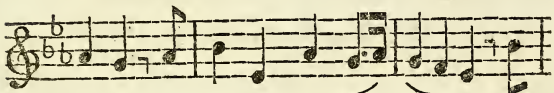
THE NEGLECTED TAR.



I sing the British seaman's praise, A theme



renown'd in story; It well deserves more po-



lish'd lays; O'tis your boast and glo-ry. When



mad-brain'd war spreads death a-round, By them



you are protected; But when in peace the na-

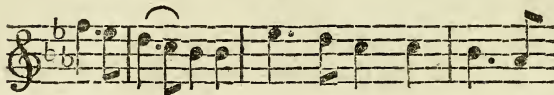


tion's found, These bulwarks, are neglected.

Chorus.



Then, Oh ! protect the har-dy tar, Be mindful



of his me-rit, And when again you're plung'd in



war, He'll shew his daring spi--rit.

When thickest darkness covers all,

Far on the trackless ocean.

When lightnings dart, when thunders roll,

And all is wild commotion ;

When o'er the bark the white-top'd waves,

With boist'rous sweep are rolling,

Yet coolly still, the whole he braves,

Untam'd amidst the howling.

Then, oh ! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulphurous smoke.

He feels a glowing pleasure ;

He loads his gun—he cracks his joke,

Elated beyond measure.

Tho' fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck
Should lifeless trunks appear ;
Or should the vessel float a wreck,
The sailor knows no fear.
Then, oh ! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brime,
Where scorching beams assail him ;
When all the canvas hangs supine,
And food and water fail him.
Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
Where plenty still is reigning ;
'They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
He sighs—but scorns complaining.
Then, Oh ! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him ;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland frost,
True courage still attends him :
No clime can this eradicate ;
He glories in annoyance ;
He fearless braves the storms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.
Then, oh ! protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
In peace be then neglected ?

Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected.
Behold him begging for employ !
Behold him disregarded !
Then view the anguish in his eye,
And say, Are tars rewarded !
Then, Oh ! protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe ;
In peace, then, would you starve them ?
What say ye, Britain's sons ? Oh ! no !
Protect them and preserve them :
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it.
Or when grim war shall come again,
Oh, Britons, ye may rue it !
Then, Oh ! protect, &c.

SONG CIX.

WHEN THE FANCY-STIRRING BOWL.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHEN the fancy stirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild my soul,
And life's an endless treasure ;
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,
Fresh with gay desires,
Rays divine my senses dart,
And kindling hope inspires.
Then who'd be grave,
When wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking ;
And magic grapes,
Give angel shapes
To ev'ry girl we're drinking.

Here sweet benignity and love
Shed their influence round me,
Gather'd ills of life remove,
And leave me as they found me.
Tho' my head may swim, yet true
Still to nature's feeling ;
Peace and beauty swim there too,
And rock me as I'm reeling.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's soft pillow tender truth,
Her pensive lesson taught me
Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
And wisdom wak'd and caught me.
A bargain then with love I knock'd,
To hold the pleasing gipsy,
Then wise to keep my bosom lock'd,
But turn the key when tipsy.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time assuag'd my heated heart,
The grey-beard blind and simple,
Forgot to cool one little part
Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple.
That part's enough of beauty's type,
To warm an honest fellow ;
And tho' it touch me not when ripe,
It melts still while I'm mellow.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

SONG CX.

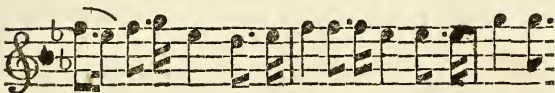
THE MULBERRY TREE.



Behold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from



the tree, Which, Oh my sweet Shakespeare, Was



planted by thee: As a relic I kiss it, and bow at



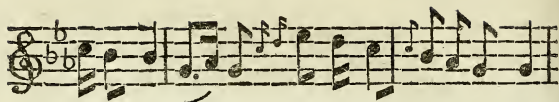
thy shrine, What comes from thy hand must be



e-ver divine, What comes from thy hand must



be e-ver divine. All shall yield to the mul-



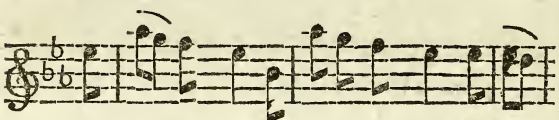
berry tree, All shall yield to the mulberry tree.



Bend to thee, blest mulberry, Bend to thee, blest



mulberry. Matchless was he who planted thee,



And thou like him immortal shall be, And thou



like him immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest so rampant and high,
Who shoot out your branches, whose heads sweep
the sky ;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear ;
All shall yield to the mulberry tree.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our King, and will always our coast;
Of the fir we make ships, there are thousands that
fight,

But one, only one, like our Shakespear can write.

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit trees and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakespear all fancies will suit;
With the sweetest of flowers and the fairest of fruit.

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well letter'd birch,
Supplies law and phyfic, and grace for the church;
But law and the gospel in Shakespear we find,
And he gives the best phyfic for body and mind.

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespear is still more divine.

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

As the genius of Shakespear outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;

So the tree which he planted by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays and the vine all in one.

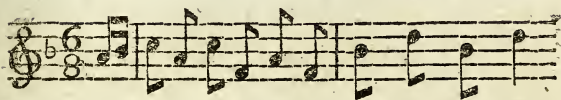
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c,

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
Fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree,
Bend to thee, blest'd Mulberry :
Matchless was he who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shall be.

SONG CXI.

THE MILLER OF OXFORDSHIRE.



A miller I am, ever heart-whole and free,



A miller I am ever heart-whole and free, And



as just, thank my stars, as a miller should be :



shou'd be, shou'd be ; And as just, thank



my stars, as a mil-ler shou'd be.



For while I dip my dish into each neighbour's

A a 2.



sack, For while I dip my dish in-to each neigh-



bour's sack, Like those better bred, I but live



by my clack, clack, clack, clack, clack: Like



those better bred, I but live by my clack, clack,



clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack.

Lawyers, doctors, and parsons, all follow my plan,
When their clack's set a-going, they grind all they
can;

But my work's the cleanest---for they grind in black,
While I grind in white, by the dint of my clack.

When squire in the Parliament-house takes a post,
Ding dong goes his clapper at somebody's cost :
If he gets into office, the cole he will sack,
Just as I do my meal, by the help of my clack.

The gay folks of London may sneer if they will,
And set their fine wits at a thief in a mill ;
But I'll do as I ought, if they'll shew me the knack,
And let them, if they can, keep as honest a clack.

SONG CXII.

RUSSEL'S TRIUMPH.

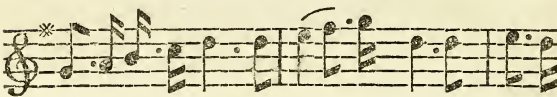
Moderato.



Thursday in the morn, the nineteenth of May,



Recorded for ever the famous Ninety two, Brave



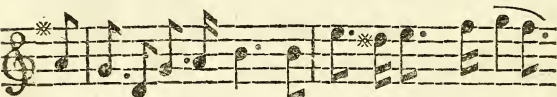
Ruffel did discern, by break of day, The lof-ty



fails of France advancing to. All hands aloft they



cry, let Briti sh valour shine, let fly a culverine,



the signal of the line, Let every man supply his



gun. Follow me, you shall see, That the battle



it will soon be won. Follow me, you shall see,



That the battle it will soon be won.

Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,
 To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat on the
 deep ;
 He led a noble train of heroes bold,
 To sink the English admiral at his feet.
 Now every valiant mind to vict'ry doth aspire,
 The bloody fight's begun---the sea is all on fire ;
 And mighty Fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a flood, all of blood,
 Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising Sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic
 shore ;

Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock, the red, the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow :
Now death and horror equal reign :
Now they cry, run and die,
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly, amaz'd, thro' rocks and sands,
One danger they grasp at, to shun the greater fate.
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
For evermore, adieu, thou dazzling Rising Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun :
Enough, thou mighty god of war :
Now we sing, blest the king !
Let us drink to every British tar.

SONG CXIII.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.



All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The



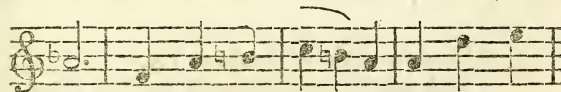
streamers waving to the wind, When black-ey'd



Sufan came on board, Oh where shall I my true



love find? Tell me, ye jo-vial failors, tell me



true, Does my sweet William, Does my sweet



William fail among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :

The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.

The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain !
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find.

Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so ;
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we fail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
Thy skin is ivory so white.

Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG CXIV.

THE SAILOR'S SHEET ANCHOR.



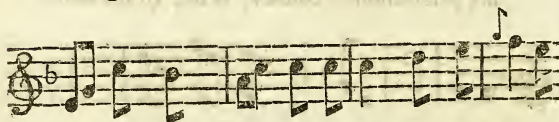
Smiling grog is the failor's best hope, His



sheet-anchor, his compafs, his ca-ble, His log,



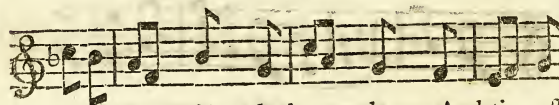
that gives him a heart which life's cares cannot



canker ; Though dangers around him unite to



confound him, Tho' dangers around him U--nite



to confound him, he braves them, And tips off



his grog. 'Tis grog, only, grog is his rudder,



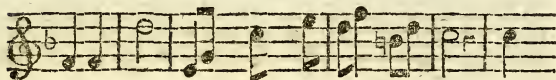
His compass, his cable, his log ; The sailor's sheet-



anchor is grog. What tho' he to a friend in trust



his prize-money convey, Who, to his bond of



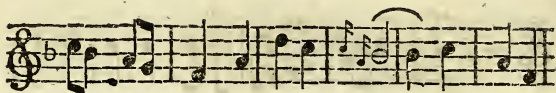
faith unjust, Cheats him and runs a--way. What's



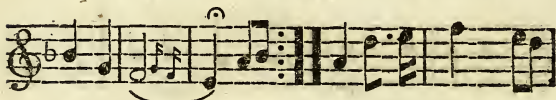
to be done ? he vents a curse 'Gainst all false



hearts a -- shore. Of the remainder clears his
B



purse, And then to sea for more, And then to



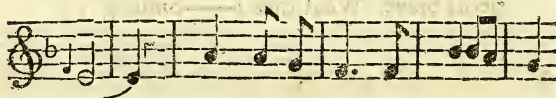
sea for more. There, what tho' his girl, who



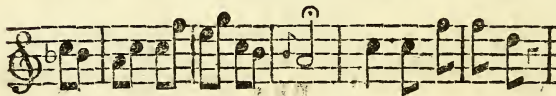
often swore, To know no o-ther charms, He finds,



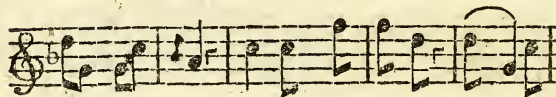
when he returns ashore, Clasp'd in a ri-val's



arms. What's to be done? he vents a curse,



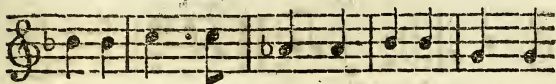
And seeks a kinder she: Dances, gets groggy,



clears his purse, Dances, gets groggy, clears his



purse, and goes again to sea. To crosses born still



trusting there, The waves less faithless than the



fair; There into toils to rush again, And stormy



perils brave. What then?—Smiling. *D. C.*

Bb 2

SONG CXV.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.



O Bef-fy Bell and Ma-ry Gray, they war'



twa bon-ny las-ses, They bigg'd a bow'r on



yon burn brae, And theek'd it o'er wi' ra-



shes. Fair Bef - fy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,



And thought I ne'er cou'd alter, But Mary Gray,



twa pawky e'en, They gar my fan-cy fal-ter.

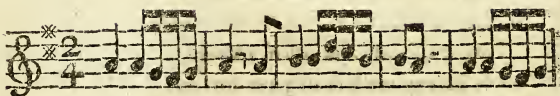
Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap ;
She smiles like a May morning :
When Phæbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning :
White is her neck, fast is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty ;
With ilka grace she can command
Her lips, O vow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
Her een like diamonds glances ;
She's ay fae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances :
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
And guides her airs fae gracefu' still—
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas !

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair opprefs us ;
Our fancies jee between you tway,
Ye are sic bonny lasses :
Waes me ! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented ;
Then I'll draw cuts and tak my fate,
And be with ane contented.

SONG CXVI.

THE KISS.



One kind kiss before we part, Drop a



tear, and bid a -- dieu. Tho' you fe-



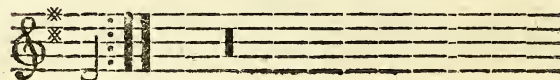
ver, my fond heart, Till we meet, shall pant



for you, Till we meet, Till we meet,



Till we meet, Shall pant for



you.

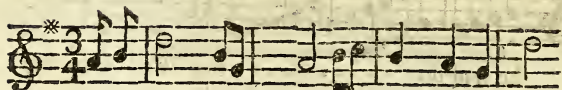
Yet, yet weep not so my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear,
Tho' my body must remove,
All my soul must still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
Every wish shall pant for you,
One kind kiss, then, e'er we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

SONG CXVII.

BRITANNIA,

OR,

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

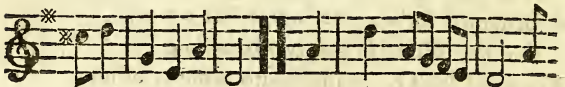
In a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat,



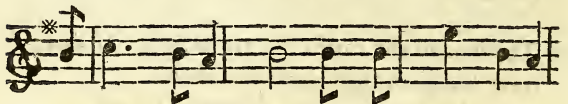
Britannia fat wasted with care : She wept for her



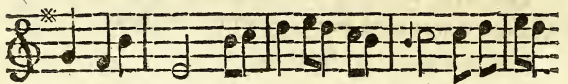
Wolfe, then exclaim'd against Fate, And gave



herself up to despair. The walls of her cell she



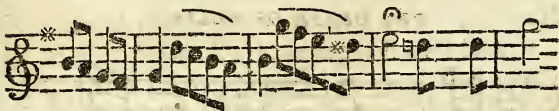
had sculptur'd around With th' exploits of her



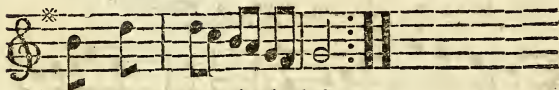
favourite son ; Nay, e-ven the dust, as it lay



on the ground, Was engrav'd with some deeds



he had do - - - - - ne, Was engrav'd



with some deeds he had done.

The fire of the Gods, from his chrystaline throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame,

And, mov'd with her tears, sent Mercury down,

And these were the tidings that came :

“ Britannia forbear, not a sigh nor a tear,

For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd ;

Thy grief shall be chang'd into tumults of joy,

For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

“ The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,

Have fled from their darksome abodes ;

And, such is the news that in heaven is told,

They are marching to war with the Gods.

A council was held in the chamber of Jove,

And this was their final decree :

That Wolfe should be call'd to the army above,
And the charge was entrusted to me.

“ To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew ;
Wolfe begg'd for a moment's delay :

He cry'd, “ Oh, forbear, let me victory hear,

“ And then the commands I'll obey.”

With a dark'ning film I encompass'd his eyes,

And bore him away in an urn ;

Left the fondness he bore to his own native shore

Might tempt again him to return.”

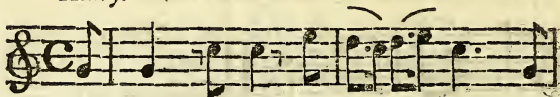
SONG CXVIII.

HENRY AND MARIA,

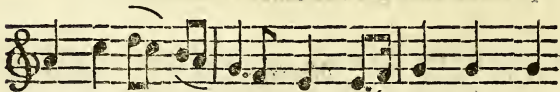
OR,

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Henry.



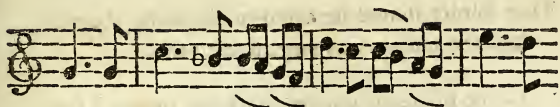
The drums resound, the trumpet calls, The



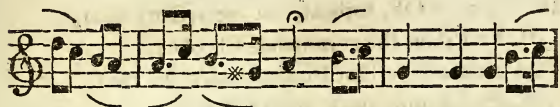
parting moment is at hand ; The streamers on



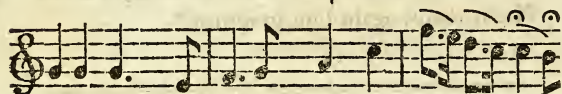
Hibernia's walls To arms her freeborn sons com-



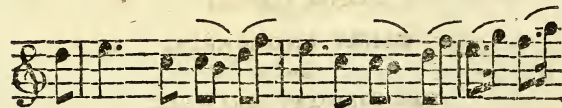
mand : Farewell, Ma-ri-a, ere I go ; Farewel that



look, that ex - - - il'd woe, That ne&ctar'd kifs, that



balmy blifs, And all that forms thee good as fair.



That ne&ctar'd kifs, that balmy blifs, And all that



forms thee good as fair.

Maria.

And can you, Henry, part so soon,
 Perhaps to view these bow'rs no more ?
 Can love display no brighter boon
 Than perils on some distant shore ?

Tho' fame prepares her trump for thee,
Ah! think, my Henry, think on me :
 To grief betray'd,
 This form shall fade,
And every virgin blossom flee.

Henry.

O rend not thus this faithful breast,
That lives, and warms, and throbs for thee :
If Conquest perch on Valour's crest.
And Britain's glory rule the sea,
Yon crescent moon's approaching wane
Shall view these longing arms again.
 This frame entwine,
 Nor more resign
The gem of Heaven's benign decree.

Maria.

Then go, thy King and country's pride,
Her strength and genius, as before,
When Gallia dreamt her fleets should ride
Triumphant to Irene's shore :
Her native legions fought the field,
Her harp to string, her fair to shield ;
 With freedom fir'd,
 The world admir'd,
And vow'd each wreath that fame could yield.

SONG CXIX.

THE CELEBRATED DEATH-SONG
OF THE CHEROKEE INDIAN.

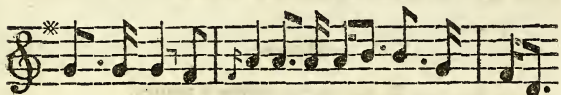
AN ORIGINAL INDIAN AIR.



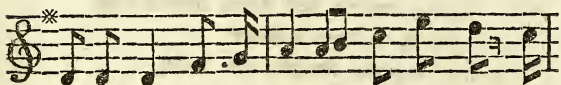
The fun fets in night, and the stars shun



the day, But Glory re-mains when their lights



fade away: Begin, ye tormentors, your threats



are in vain, For the son of Alk-no-mook shall



never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low :
Why so slow ?—Do you wait till I shrink from the
pain ?

No !—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation
away.

Now the flame rises fast, they exult in my pain ;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain,

I go to the land where my father is gone :
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes as a friend, he relieves me from pain :
And the son of Alknomook has scorn'd to com-
plain !

SONG CXX.

THE BONNY BOLD SOLDIER.



I've plenty of lovers that sue me in vain, My



heart is with Wil-ly far o-ver the plain : For



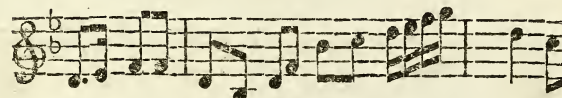
handsome and witty and brave is the fwain ;



The bonny bold foldier young Willy's for me :



For handsome, and witty, and brave is the



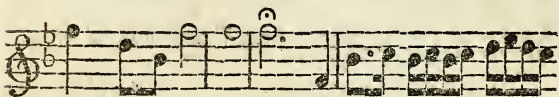
fwain, The bonny bold foldier, young Willy's



for me. In the trumpet's shrill found my



- foldier delights; For honour, his king, and his



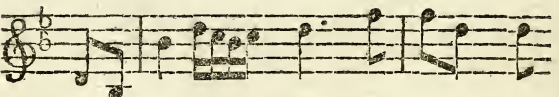
country he figh - - - ts, he figh - - - - -



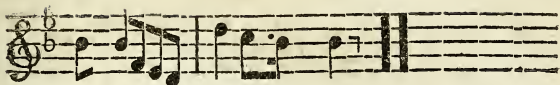
- - - - - ts. Figh -



- - - - - ts. For honour, his king,



and his country he fights. For honour, his



king, and his country he fights.

I share with his drefs, in the heart of a beau,

The doctor my pulfe feels, and ne'er takes a fee

The one is pedantic, the other all show :

The bonny bold foldier, young Willy, for me,

In the trumpet's shrill found, &c.

The lawyer fo crafty, I fly from in fear ;

The dangling poet I shun when I see.

Once more, O ye powers, restore me my dear,

The bonny bold foldier, young Willy to me.

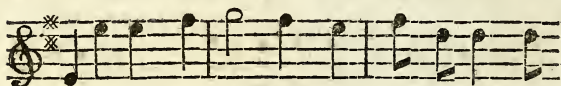
In the trumpet's shrill found, &c.

SONG CXXI.

YOUR MOUNTAIN SACK.



Your mountain-sack, your Fron-ti-ni-ac, To-



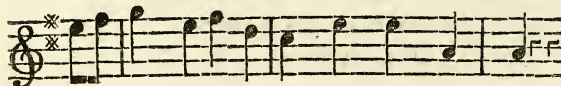
kay and twenty more, Sir ; Your Sherry and Per-



ry, That make men merry, Are De-i-ties I a-



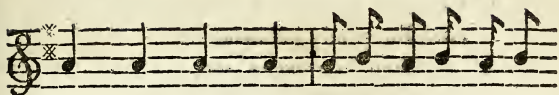
dore, Sir : And well may Port our praise extort,



Where from his palace forth he comes, And glucks



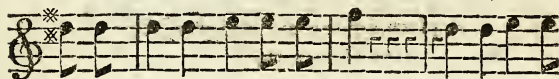
and gurgles, fumes and foams. Gluck, gluck,



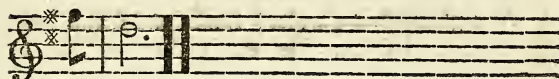
gluck, gluck, gluck, gluck, Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle,



gurgle, Gluck, gluck, gluck, gluck, Hickup,



hickup, hickup, gurgle and gluck, hickup, gurgle



and gluck.

The Briton, Sir John Barley-corn,

Stands highly in my favour;

His mantling head may well adorn

His valour and his flavour.

Nay, Cyder-an

Is a potent man,

When from his palace forth he comes,

And glucks and gurgles, fumes and foams,

Madeira monarch, him I sing!

And old Hock! lo another!

Champagne is my most Christian king,
And Burgundy his brother,
Bold Bourdeaux, too,
Shall have his due,
When from his palace forth he comes !
And glucks and gurgles ! fumes and foams !

Old Rum, Arrack, and Coniac,
Are known for men of might, Sir ;
Nor shall Sir Florence Flasket lack
A place among my Knights, Sir :
Don Calcavallo
Is a noble fellow,
When from his palace forth he comes !
And glucks and gurgles ! fumes and foams !

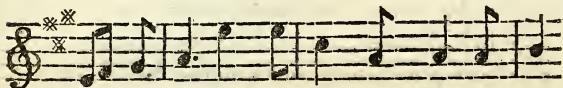
If singly thus, each champion may
So many laurels gather,
Gods ! what a glorious congress they,
When all are met together !
When high in state,
Each potentate
Forth from his spacious palace comes !
And glucks and gurgles ! fumes and foams !

SONG CXXII.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.



Of ups and downs we daily see Examples



most fur-pri-ling ; The high and low of each



degree Now falling, are now rising. Some up,



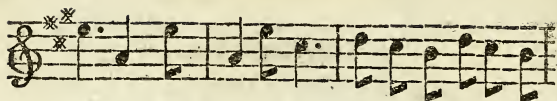
some down, some in, some out, some neither one



nor t'other ; Knaves, fools, Jews, Gentiles, join



the rout, And jostle one another. With my



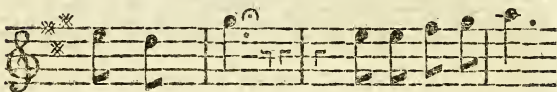
hey ho, Gee up, gee no, hig-gle-dy, piggledy,



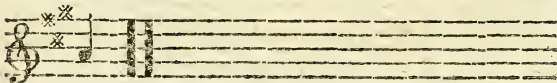
Truth, honour, honesty, trim, tram : For ho-



nesty's scarce, honour's grown a mere farce,



And poor truth, baw, an ab-so-lute whim



wham.

By ups and downs, some folks, they say,
 Among grandees have got, Sir,
 Who were themselves, but yesterday,
 The Lord knows who or what, Sir!
 Sans sense or pence in merit's chair
 They doze and dream supine, O!

But how the devil they came there,
That neither you nor I know.
With my heigho ! &c.

Your country-maid comes up to town,
A simple awkward body ;
In half a year again goes down,
No peacock half so gaudy.
“ Lord, Ma’am,” exclaims the lawyer’s wife,
With scandal ever ready,
“ You see the ups and downs of life
“ Have made our Meg a lady.”
With my heigho ! &c.

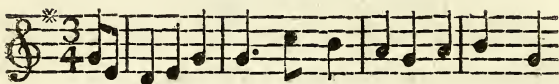
Virtue and Vanity lately are grown
Mere buckets in a well, Sir ;
The last gets up, the first gets down,
As all the world can tell, Sir :
So many downs poor Virtue meets,
Her ups so very few, Sir,
’Tis said she’s naked met i’ the streets ;
But that is nothing new, Sir.
With my heigho ! &c.

Oh ! what an age of ups and downs !
“ Hey, seven’s the main,” my Lord thrice
knocks,
And lands and liberties, manors and towns,
Are rattling in the dice-box.

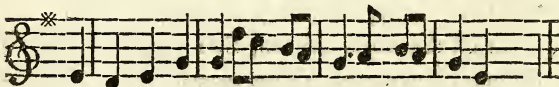
Up fly the fools, on ruin bent,
 While they art full in feather;
 Get pluck'd, then rumbling down are fent,
 Whoop! pell, mell, all together!
 With my heigho! &c.

SONG CXXIII..

O SAY, BONNY LASS.



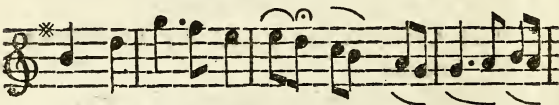
O say, bonny lass, will you ly in a barrack?



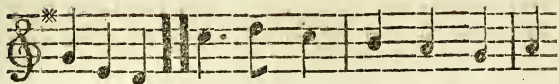
And marry a foldier, and carry his wallet? O



say would you leave baith your mither and dad-



dy, And follow the camp with your sol - dier



laddie ? O fay, would you leave baith your mi-



ther and daddy, And follow the camp with



your fol - - dier laddie ?

She.

O yes, bonny lad, I could ly in a barrack;
And marry a foldier, and carry his wallet;
I'd neither ask leave of my mither or daddy,
But follow my dearest, my foldier laddie.

He.

O fay, bonny lafs, would you go a campaigning?
And bear all the hardships of battle and famine?
When wounded and bleeding, then wouldst thou
draw near me?
And kindly support me, and tenderly chear me?

She.

O yes, bonny lad, I'll think naething of it,
But follow my Henry, and carry his his wallet:

D d

Nor danger, nor famine, nor wars can alarm me ;
My foldier is near me, and naething can harm me.

He.

But fay, bonny lafs, when I go into battle,
Where dying men groan, and the loud cannons
rattle ?

She.

O then, bonny lad, I will share all thy harms,
And shouldst thou be kill'd, I will die in thy arms.

He.

O then, bonny lafs, I will share all thy harms,
And should I be kill'd, I will die in thy arms.

Both.

I still will be near thee, and shield thee from harms.
And should I be kill'd, I will die in thy arms.

SONG CXXIV.

JEM OF ABERDEEN.



The tuneful lav'rocks chear the grove, And



sweetly smells the simmer green : Now o'er the



mead I love to rove Wi' bonny Jem of A-ber-



deen, bonny Jem of Aberdeen, bonny Jem of



Aberdeen : Now o'er the mead I love to rove



Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen. Whene'er we sit

D d.



beneath the broom, Or wander o'er the lee, He's



always wooing, wooing, wooing, always wooing



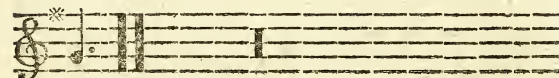
me. Whene'er we sit beneath the broom, Or



wander o'er the lee, He's always woo-



ing, woo-ing, woo-ing, al-ways woo-ing



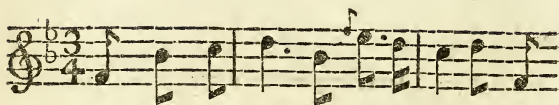
me.

He's fresh and fair as flow'rs in May,
The blithest lad of a' the green :
How sweet the time will pass away
Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
Whene'er we sit, &c.

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,
Wi' ilka sport of glen or green,
Weel pleas'd to share the humble lot
Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
Whene'er we sit, &c.

SONG CXXV.

BEN BACKSTAY.



Ben Backstay loved the gentle Anna, Con-



stant as pu-r-ity was she ; Her honey-words,



like succ'ring manna, Cheer'd him each voyage



he made to sea. One fatal morning saw them



parting, While each the other's sorrow dried ;



They, by the tear that then was starting, They,



by the tear that then was starting, Vow'd they



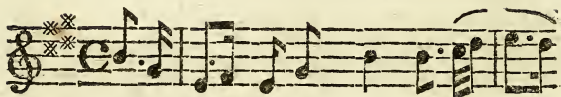
be constant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
 While roaring winds the sea deform,
 Ben sings and well performs his duty,
 And braves for love the frightful storm.
 Alas! in vain: the vessel, batter'd,
 On a rock splitting, opened wide;
 While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
 Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.

The semblance of each lovely feature,
 That Ben had worn around his neck,
 Where art stood substitute for nature,
 A tar, his friend, saved from the wreck:
 In fervent hope while Anna burning,
 Blushed as she wished to be a bride;
 The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
 She saw, grew pale, sunk down and died.

SONG CXXVI.

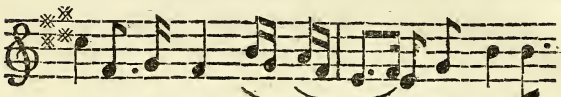
ON THE GREEN SEDGY BANKS.



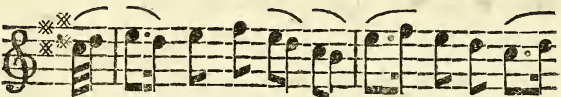
On the green fed-gy banks of the sweet



winding Tay, As blithe as the woodlark that



carrols in May : On the green fedgy banks of



the sweet winding Tay, As blithe as the wood-



lark that carrols in May, I pass'd the gay mo-



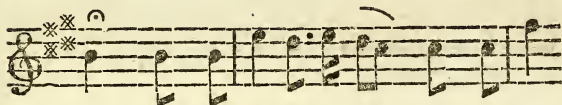
ments with joy and delight ; For peace cheer'd



each morn, And content crown'd the night :



Till love taught young hope my youth to de-



ceive : What we wish to be true, what we wish



to be true, what we wish to be true, Love



bids us believe.

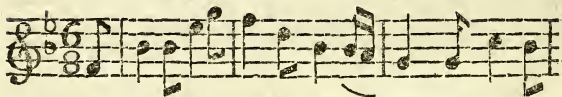
Where-ever I wander, o'er hill, dale or grove,
 Young Sandy wou'd follow with soft tales of love ;
 Enraptur'd he'd press me, then vow with a sigh,
 " If Jenny was cruel, alas ! he must die."

A youth so engaging with ease might deceive,
What we wish to be true, Love bids us believe.

He stole my fond heart, then he left me to mourn,
For peace and content, that ne'er can return :
From the clown to the beau, the sex are all art,
They complain of the wound, but we feel the smart ;
We join in the fraud, and ourselves we deceive,
What we wish to be true, Love bids us believe.

SONG CXXVII.

THE JOLLY FISHERMAN.



I am a jolly fisherman, I catch what I can



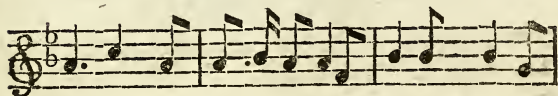
get, Still going on my better's plan, All's



fish that comes to net: Fish, just like men,



I've often caught, Crabs, gudgeons, poor John



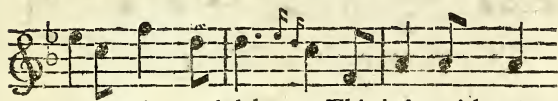
Codfish; And many a time to market brought A



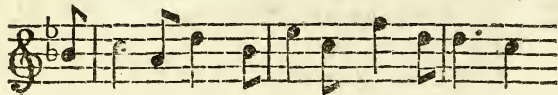
dev'lish fight of odd-fish, A dev'lish fight of odd



fish: Thus all are fishermen through life, With



wary pains and labour: This baits with gold,



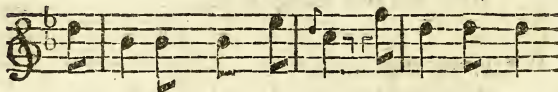
and that a wife, And all to catch his neighbour.



Then praise the jolly fisherman, Who takes what



he can get ; Still going on his better's plan,



All's fish that comes to net, All's fish that comes



to net, All's fish that comes to net. Still going



on his better's plan, All's fish that comes to net.

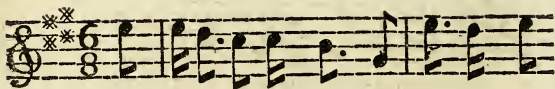
The pike to catch the little fry
 Extends his greedy jaw,
 For all the world as you and I .
 Have seen your man of law :
 He who to laziness devotes
 His time, is sure a numb fish ;
 And numbers, who give silent votes,
 May fairly be call'd dumb fish :
 False friends to eels we may compare,
 The roach resembles true ones ;
 Like gold-fish we find old-ones rare

Plenty as Herrings new ones.
Then praise the jolly Fisherman,
Who takes what he can get,
Still going on his better's plan,
All's fish that comes to net.

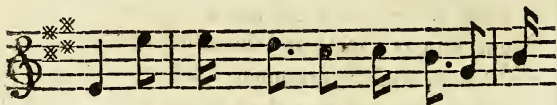
Like fish then mortals are a trade,
And trapp'd and fold and bought ;
The old wife and the tender maid,
With tickling both are caught.
Indeed the fair are caught, 'tis said,
If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or something red,
Or any thing that's shining.
With small fish you must lie in wait
For those of high condition ;
But 'tis alone a golden bait
Can catch a learn'd Physician.
Then praise the jolly Fisherman,
Who takes what he can get,
Still going on his better's plan,
All's fish that comes to net.

SONG CXXVIII.

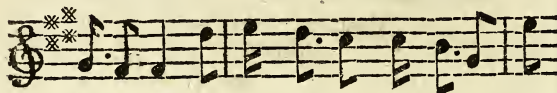
WHEN I WAS A YOUNKER.



When I was a younker, and liv'd with my



dad, The neighbours all thought me a smart



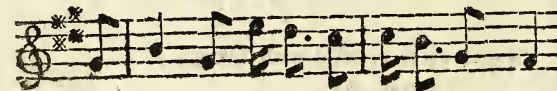
little lad ; My mammy she call'd me a white-



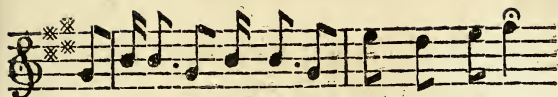
headed boy, Because with the girls I liked to toy.



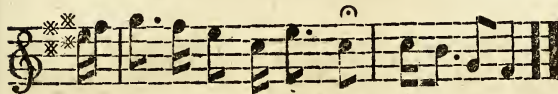
There was Cifs, Prifs, Letty and Betty and Doll,



With Meg, Peg, Jenny and Winny and Moll :



I flatter their chatter so sprightly and gay ;



I rumble 'em, tumble 'em ; that's my way.

One fine frosty morning a-going to school,
 Young Moggy I met, and she call'd me a fool :
 Her mouth was my primmer, a lesson I took ;
 I swore it was pretty, and kifs'd the book.

But school,

Fool,

Primmer,

and Trimmer,

and Birch,

And boys for the girls I've left in the lurch,

I flatter, &c.

'Tis very well known I can dance a good jig ;
 And at cudgel s from Robin I won a fat pig :
 I wrestle a fall, and a bar I can fling,
 And, when o'er a flaggon, can sweetly sing.

But Pig,

Jig,

Wicket,

And Cricket,

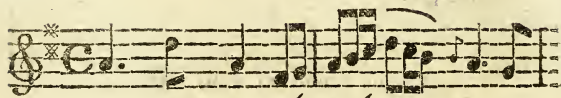
And Ball.

I'd give up to wrestle with Moggy of all.

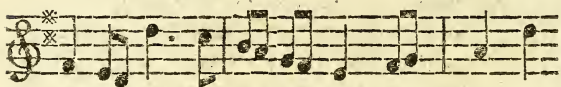
I flatter, &c.

SONG CXXIX.

BESS THE GAWKIE.



Blyth young Bess to Jean did say, Will



ye gang to yon fun-ny brae, Where flocks do



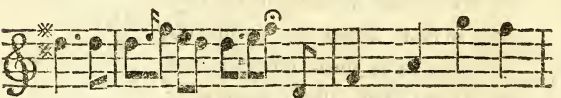
feed, and herds do stray, And sport a while wi'



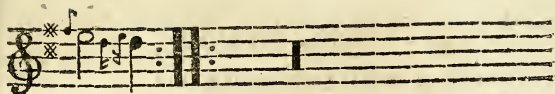
Ja-mie? Ah, na, lafs, I'll no gang there,



Nor about Ja-mie tak' nae care, Nor about



Jamie tak' nae care, For he's ta'en up wi'



Mag-gie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lafs,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' mickle blithness in his face,

Out o'er the muir to Maggy :
I wat he gae her mony a kifs,
And Maggie took them nane amifs ;
"Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
" That Befs was but a gawkie."

" For whene'er a civil kifs I seek,
" She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
" And for an hour she'll hardly speak ;
" Who'd not ca' her a gawkie ?
" But fure my Maggie has mair sense,
" She'll gie a score without offence ;
" Now gie me ane unto the menfe,
" And ye shall be my dawtie."

" O Jamie ye hae mony tane,
" But I will ne'er stand up for ane,
" Or twa, when we do meet again,
" So ne'er think me a gawkie."
" Ah na, lafs, that cannot be ;

“ Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
 “ Or ony thy sweet face that see,
 “ E’er to think thee a gawkie.”

But, whisht, nae mair of this we’ll speak,
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;
 Instead of Meg he kifs’d sae sweet,
 I trow he likes the gawkie.

Jamie.

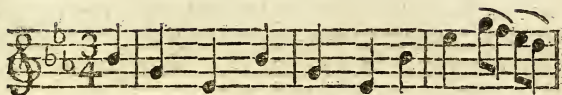
“ O dear Befs, I hardly knew,
 “ When I came by, your gown sae new;
 “ I think you’ve got it wet wi’ dew”---
 Quoth she, “ That’s like a gawkie :

“ It’s wat wi’ dew, and ’twill get rain,
 “ And I’ll get gowns when it is gane ;
 “ Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
 “ And tell it to your dawtie ”
 The guilt appear’d in Jamie’s cheek ;
 He cry’d, “ O cruel maid, but sweet,
 “ If I should gang anither gate,
 “ I ne’er cou’d meet my dawtie.”

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
 And left poor Jamie fair to rue,
 That ever Maggie’s face he knew,
 Or yet ca’d Befs a gawkie.
 As they gaed o’er the muir they sang,
 The hills and dales with echo rang,
 The hills and dales with echo rang,
 “ Gang o’er the muir to Maggy.”

SONG CXXX.

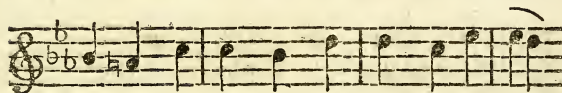
YE SLUGGARDS.



Ye sluggards, who murder your lifetime in



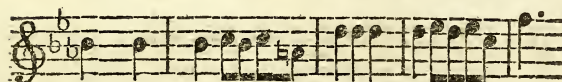
sleep, Awake and pursue the fleet hare. From



life, say, what joy, say, what pleasure you reap,



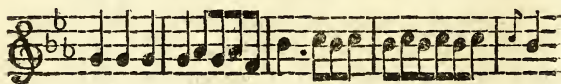
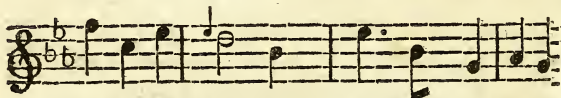
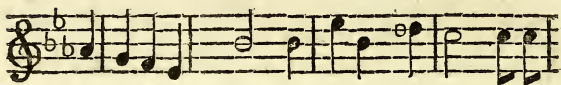
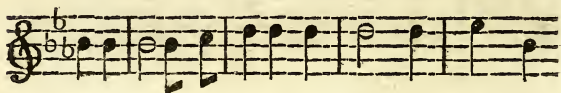
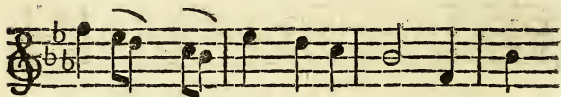
That e'er cou'd with hunting compare? That e'er

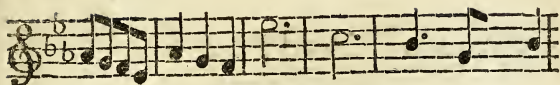


cou'd with hunt - - - - -

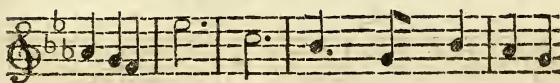


- - - - - ing compare.





----- cho refound, While woods the sweet



echo refound, While woods the sweet echo



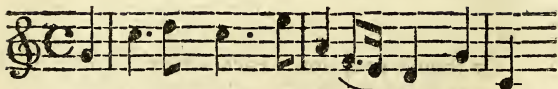
refound.

The courtier, the lawyer, the priest have a view,
 Nay ev'ry profession the same,
 But sportsmen, ye mortals, no pleasures pursue,
 But such as accrue from the game.
 While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the cup,
 And turn into day ev'ry night,
 At the break of each morn the huntsman is up,
 And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

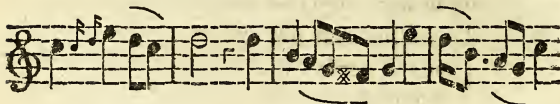
Then quickly, my lads, to the forest repair,
 O'er hills, dales, and vallies let's fly,
 For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,
 When each joy will another supply?
 Thus each morning, each day, in raptures, we pass,
 And desire no comfort to share,
 But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass,
 And feed on the spoil of the hare.

SONG CXXXI.

NANCY OF THE DALE.



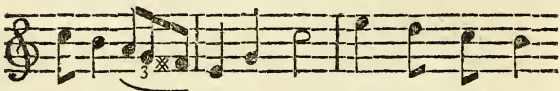
My Nancy leaves the ru - ral train, A camp's



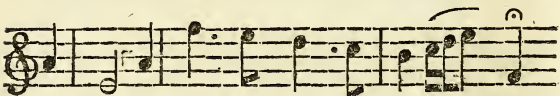
distress to prove, All other ills she can sustain,



But liv - - - - ing from her love: Yet, dear-



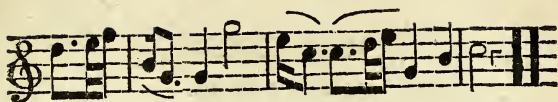
est, tho' your soldier's there, Will not your spi-



rit fail, To mark the hardships you must share,



Dear Nan - cy of the dale, Dear Nan - cy

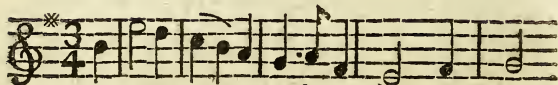


Dear Nan-cy, Dear Nan - - cy of the dale.

Or should you, love, each danger scorn,
Ah ! how shall I secure
Your health, 'mid toils which you were born
To soothe---but not endure.
A thousand perils I must view,
A thousand ills assail ;
Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
Dear Nancy of the dale.

SONG CXXXII.

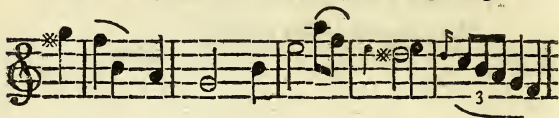
FIDELE'S TOMB.



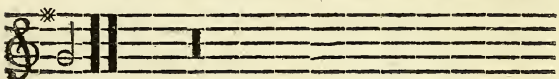
To fair Fide-le's glaf-fy tomb, Soft maids



and village hinds shall bring Each op'ning sweet



of earliest bloom, And rife all the breath - ing



spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And tender virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen.
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 But female fays shall haunt the green,
 And deck thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend its little aid,
With hoary mofs and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid,
When howling winds and beating rain,
In tempest shake the Sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be daily shed:
Belov'd till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's self is dead.

SONG CXXXIII.

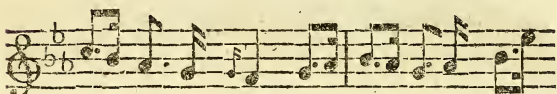
WHAT PLEASURE TO THINK.



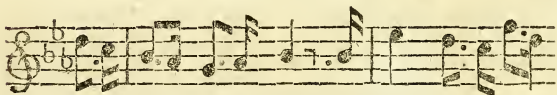
What pleasure to think on the times we



have seen, 'Twas May-day I first saw my



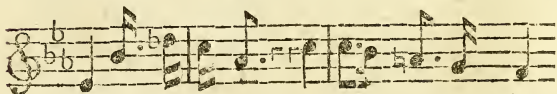
Tom on the green, So neat was I dress'd,



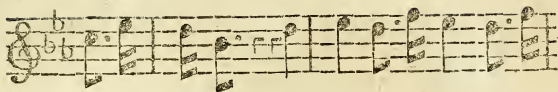
and so sprightly a mien, A King was my lo-



ver, and I was his Queen. The garland pre-



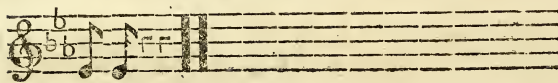
sented by Tommy, How sweet from the hands



of my Tommy, The garland presented by



Tommy, How sweet from the hands of my



Tommy.

A side-look I threw on my lover by chance,
Which straight he return'd with as tender a glance,
My heart leap'd with joy when I saw him advance,
And weel'd I guess 'twas to lead up the dance ;
For none danc'd so neat as my Tommy,
In all things compleat was my Tommy.

Beneath a gay woodwinc with myrtles entwin'd,
And cowslips and violets, one ev'ning reclin'd ;
So charming a place, and the season so kind,
He artfully chose to discover his mind :

So sweet were the vows of my Tommy,
And I could not refuse my dear Tommy.

SONG CXXXIV.

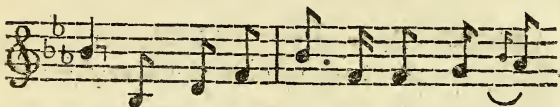
OLD ENGLAND'S WOODEN WALLS.



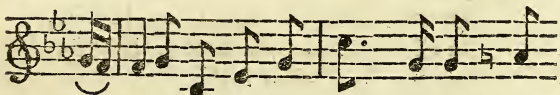
Thro' waves and wind, in days that are no



more, I held the helm, and ne'er ran foul of



shore; In pitch dark night my reck'ning prov'd



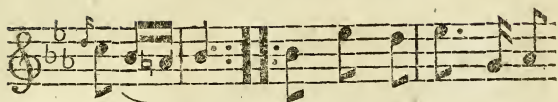
so true, In pitch dark night my reck'ning



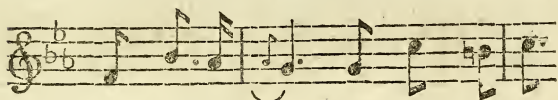
prov'd so true, I rode out safe the hardest



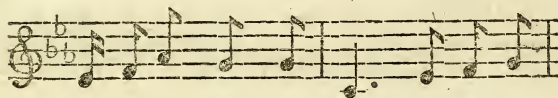
gale that blew, I rode out safe the hardest



gale that blew: And when for fight the fig-



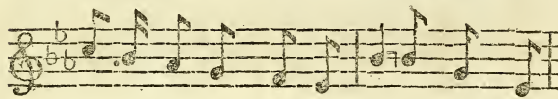
nal high was shewn, Thro' smoke and fire



Bob Boreas straight bore down: But tho' my



timbers are not fit for sea, Old England's



wooden walls my toast shall be. Old England's



wooden walls, Old England's wooden walls, Old



England's wooden walls my toast shall be. Old.



England's wooden walls, Old England's wood-



en walls, Old England's wooden walls my

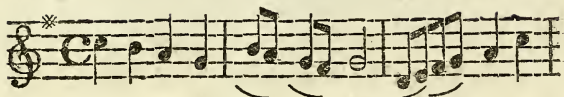


toast shall be.

From age to age, as ancient story shews,
 We rul'd the deep, in spite of envious foes;
 And still aloft, tho' worlds combine, we'll rise,
 Now all at home are splic'd in friendly ties:
 In loud broadsides we'll tell both France and Spain,
 We're own'd by Neptune sov'reigns of the main.
 O! wou'd my timbers now were fit for sea!
 Yet England's wooden walls my toast shall be.

SONG CXXV.

LOVELY GODDESS.



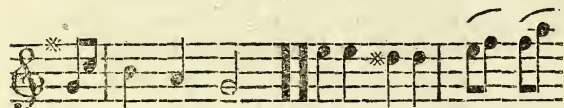
Lovely goddess, sprightly May, Fairest daughter



of the day, Hither come, with roses crown'd,



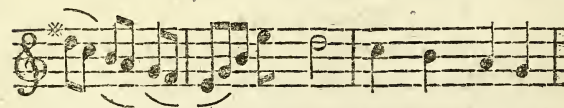
Painting, as you tread the ground, Painting, as



you tread the ground. Tulips rear their glit'ring



heads, Pinks bestrow their fragrant beds, Wood-



bines spangled o'er with dew, Deck their arbo-



rets for you, Deck their ar - bo - rets for you.

Hear the birds around thee sing
 In the gardens of the spring ;
 Ev'ry bush and ev'ry tree
 Warbles forth its joy to thee.
 Nature's songsters all are gay
 At the lov'd approach of May ;
 All, great Queen, thy praises sing,
 Thine, great Empress of the spring:

Goddeſs, in thy veſt of green ;
 Goddeſs, with thy youthful mien ;
 Haſte, and bring thy mines of wealth,
 Gladneſs, and her parent, health ;
 Bring with thee thy chearful train,
 Chacing care, and chacing pain,
 See, the lovely Graces, all
 Throng obedient at thy call.

Goddeſs, haſte, and bring with thee
 Virtue's child, fair Liberty ;
 For, if Liberty's away,
 Who can taſte the month of May ?
 Here he comes, I hear the ſound
 Of the merry ſongſters round :

Here he comes, all fresh and gay,
Paying homage to thee, May.

Goddeſs, who perfum'ſt the air,
Who haſt deck'd the earth ſo fair ;
Thou, with gladneſs by thy ſide,
Still'ſt the raging of the tide ;
Bidſt the winds forbear to roar,
And ſtern winter ſeen no more ;
Meads and groves their echos ring,
Love himſelf is on the wing.

Lovely nymph, divineſt May,
Thou to whom this verſe I pay ;
O ! thy healing warmth impart
To the miſtreſs of my heart.
Ev'ry day with gladneſs crown,
By her health, preſerve my own :
Blooming nymph, of heavenly birth,
Goddeſs, thou, of health and mirth.

SONG CXXXVI.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Fidlers, your pins in temper fix,
 And roset weel your fiddle-sticks;
 But banish vile Italian tricks

 Frae out your quorum:]

Nor *fortes* wi' *pianos* mix,

Gie's *Tullochgorum*.

FERGUSSON.



Come gie's a song, the lady cried, And lay your



disputes all aside; What nonsense is't for folks to



chide For what's been done before them. Let whig



and tory all agree, Whig and tory, Whig and tory,



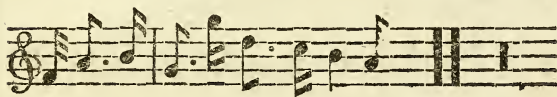
Whig and tory all agree To drop their whig-meg-



morum. Let whig and tory all agree To spend the



night wi' mirth and glee, And cheerfu' sing along



wi' me The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony fumph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him :
 Blithe and merry we's be a'
 Blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a'
 To make a cheerfu' quorum ;
 Blithe and merry we's be a'
 As lang's we hae a breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be so great a phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays ;

I wadna gi'e our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o'm.
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Dowff and dowie,
 Dowff and dowie,
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum :
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegro's, and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fear of want, and double cefs,
 And filly fauls themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum.
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Sour and fulky,
 Sour and fulky,
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Like auld Philosophorum ?
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna rise to shake a fit
 To the reel of Tullochgorum ?

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him !

May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o'm :
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot !
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten foul,
And blackest fiends devour him !
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
Dole and sorrow,
Dole and sorrow,
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him :
My dole and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whoe'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum.

SONG CXXXVII.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.



Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear, When



forc'd from her to go, Adown her cheeks rain'd



many a tear, My heart was fraught with woe.



Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we flood, The land



we left behind : Her tears then swell'd the bri-



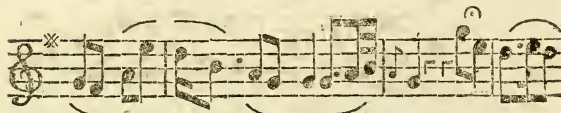
ney flood, My sighs encreas'd the wind. Our an-



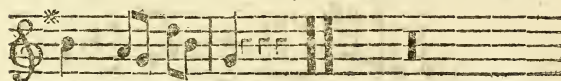
chor weigh'd, for sea we stood, The land we left



be-hind. Her tears then swell'd the bri--ny



flood, My sighs increas'd the wind, My sighs



increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between

Us lay the ocean wide ;

For five long years I had not seen

My sweet, my bonny bride ;

That time I sail'd the world around,

All for my true-love's sake :

But, press'd, as we were homeward bound,

I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain,

To let me once on shore ;

I long'd to see my Poll again,

But saw my Poll no more.

“ And have they torn my love away ?

“ And is he gone ?” she cried :

My Polly, sweetest flower of May,

She languish’d, droop’d, and died.

SONG CXXXVIII.

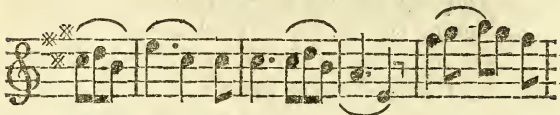
HENRY’S COTTAGE-MAID.



Ah where can fly my soul’s true love ?



Sad I wan - der this lone grove ; Sighs



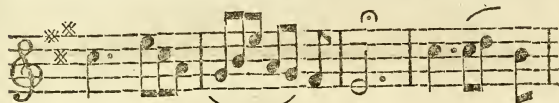
and tears for him I shed, Hen - - ry



is from Lau - - ra fled. Thy love



to me thou didst im-part, Thy love soon



won my vir - - - gin heart : But, dearest



Henry, thou'lt be - tray'd Thy - - - love with



thy poor cottage maid.

Thro' the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad, with pearly tears :
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green :
See, from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's sweet hope within me dies ;
For oh ! dear Henry, thou'lt betray'd
Thy love, with thy dear village-maid.

SONG CXXXIX.

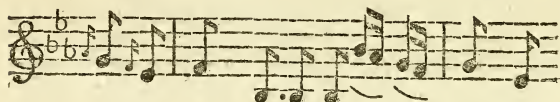
ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.



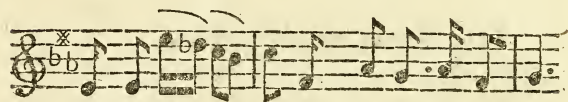
Ere around the huge oak that o'er shadows



yon mill, The fond i-vy had dar'd to entwine ;



Ere the church was a ru - in that nods on



the hill, Or a rook built his nest on the pine,



Or the rook built his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field ;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.
He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unfullied descended to me ;
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with
 shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

SONG CXL.

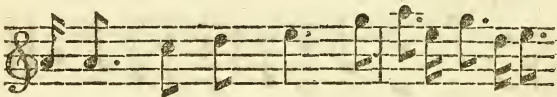
JOHN OF BADENYON.



When first I came to be a man Of twenty years



or so, I thought myself a handsome youth, And



fain the world would know : In best attire I stept



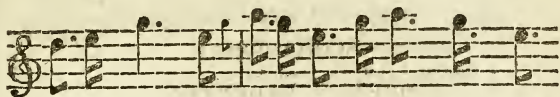
abroad, With spirits brisk and gay, And here and



there and every where Was like a morn in May :



No care I had, nor fear of want, But rambled



up and down, And for a beau I might have pass'd



in country or in town : I still was pleas'd where-



e'er I went, And when I was alone, I tun'd my



pipe, and pleas'd mysell Wi' John of Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime

A mistress I must find ;

For love, they say, gives one an air,

And even improves the mind :

On Phillis fair, above the rest,

Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,

Her piercing beauty struck my heart,

And she became my choice :

To Cupid, then, with hearty pray'r,

I offer'd many a vow,

And danc'd, and sung, and sigh'd, and swore,

As other lovers do :

But when at last I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone ;
I left my girl, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd
With foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lover's pain.
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine ;
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine :
And now whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply :
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,
He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan :
I hied me home, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,
And would a patriot turn ;
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
And cry up Parson Horne :
Their noble spirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their manly zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
Maintain'd the public weal :

But ere a month or two was past,
I found myself betray'd ;
'Twas self and party after all,
For all the stir they made.
At last I saw these factious knaves
Insult the very throne ;
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd a while,
Still hoping to succeed ;
I pitch'd on books for company,
And gravely try'd to read ;
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
And study'd night and day ;
Nor mist what dean or doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way :
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, thro' many a page,
I hunted after truth :
A thousand various schemes I tried,
And yet was pleas'd with none :
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, every where,
Who want to make a shew,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below :

What you may fancy pleasure here,
Is but an empty name ;
For girls, and friends, and books are so,
You'll find them all the same.
Then be advis'd, and warning take
From such a man as me ;
I'm neither Pope, nor Cardinal,
Nor one of low degree ;
You'll find displeasure every where,
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
Wi' John of Badenyon.

SONG CXLIII.

FAIR ROSALIE.



On that lone bank where Lubin died, Fair



Ro - fa - le, a wretched maid, Sat weeping o'er



the cruel tide, Faithful to her Luban's shade :



" O may some kind, some gentle wave, Waft



him to this mournful shore, These tender hands



should make his grave, And deck his corps

H h



with flowers o'er.

“ I’d ever watch his mould’ring clay,
 “ And pray for his eternal rest ;
 “ When time his form has worn away,
 “ His dust I’d place within my breast !”

While thus she mourn’d her Lubin lost,

And echo to her grief replied,

Lo ! at her feet his corps was tost !

She shriek’d !---she clasp’d him !---sigh’d---and
 died !

SONG CXLIV.

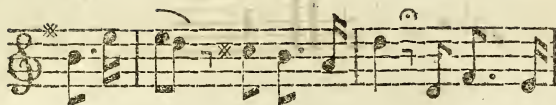
THE LASS OF HUMBER-SIDE.



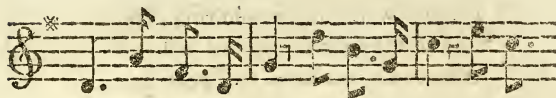
In lonely cot, by Humber-side, I sit and



mourn my hours away ; For constant Will was



Peggy's pride, And now he sleeps in Iceland



bay. Still as the ships pass to and fro, I fond-



ly lift to yo, ya, yo; Still as the ships pass to



and fro, I fondly lift to yo, ya, yo, Yo, ya,



yo, Yo, ya, yo, Yo, ya, yo, yo.

Six months on Greenland's icy coast,
Where half the year is dreary night,
He toil'd for me, and oft would boast
That Peggy was his sole delight.
Still as the ships, &c.

Ah ! woe is me ! I often cry,
As thro' the broken panes I peep ;
And as the distant sails I spy,
I think of dearest Will and weep.
Still as the ships, &c.

If loud and swelling storms I heard,
As on my lonesome bed I lay'd,
All night alone for Will I fear'd
All night for Will alone I pray'd.
Still as the ships, &c.

The bride-knot which my love did wear,
Loose hung a pendant o'er my door,
And when it told the wind was fair,
I fancy'd soon he'd be on shore.
Still as the ships, &c.

At length the very ship I spy'd,
In which my constant Will had sail'd,
With haste I ran to Humber-side,
And loud and oft the sailors hail'd :
The deck they travers'd to and fro,
And answer'd nought but yo, ya, yo.

The boatswain, now, full near the shore,
I ask for Will,---he shook his head :
I fear, said I, he is no more---
His answer was, " Poor Will is dead !"
Ah me ! I fell, oppress'd with woe !
And heard no more their yo, ya, yo.

SONG CXLVI.

THE UNION OF BACCHUS AND VENUS.



I'm a vot'ry of Bacchus, his Godship adore,



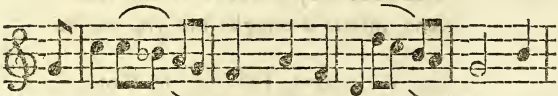
And love at his shrine gay libations to pour,



And Venus, blest Venus, my bosom inspires, For



the lights in our souls the most sacred of fires. Yet



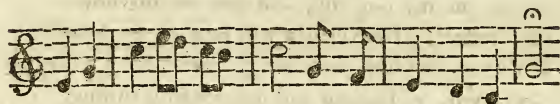
to neither I swear sole allegiance to hold, My



bottle and lass I by turns must enfold : For



the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,



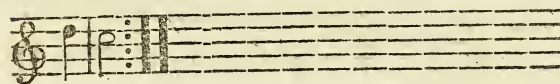
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love :



For the sweetest of unions that mortals can



prove, Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess



of love.

When fill'd to the fair the brisk bumper I hold,
 Can the miser survey with such pleasure his gold ?
 The ambrosia of gods no such relish can boast,
 If good Port fill your glass, and fair Kitty's the toast :
 And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,
 If her sofa's encircl'd with wreaths from his tree.

For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

All partial distinctions I hate from my soul :
O give me my fair one, and give me my bowl !
Bliss reflected from either will send to my heart
Ten thousand sweet joys which they can't have apart.
Go, try it, ye smiling and gay looking throng,
And your hearts shall in unison beat to my song,
That the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

SONG CXLVII.

SUNG AT

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

OF

ST ANDREW'S SOCIETY, ABERDEEN,

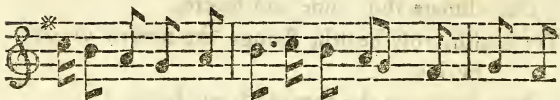
November 30th, 1790.



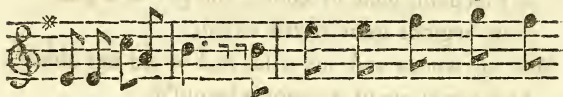
All hail to the day that auspicious returns,



Our country's bleak regions to cheer ! Tho' Na-



ture the winter's wild ravages mourns, Let joy shed



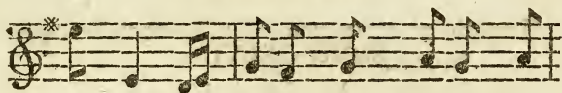
its influence here : Far hence be the frowns and



the murmurs of care, Let each breast catch the pa-



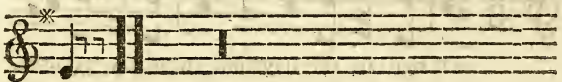
triot flame. What soul but aspires in our raptures



to share, When Scotia and Freedom's the



theme, When Scotia and Freedom's the



theme.

Tho' cold are our hills, and tho' barren our plains,
 Our climate tho' rude and severe,
 Yet health, rosy health, strings the nerves of our
 swains,
 And smiles on the cheeks of our fair ;
 And Freedom, blest Freedom, the gift of a god,
 From regions more fertile exil'd,
 'Mid our woods and our wilds had of old her abode,
 And our clime of its rigours beguil'd.

In hostile array when Rome's legions appear'd,
 Her voice founded loud o'er the heath ;
 On our hills her proud standard exulting she rear'd,
 And her motto was " Conquest or death."
 Our ancestors heard, and re-choed the sounds,
 " To conquer or die be our doom !"

Unmov'd as their mountains, 'twas theirs to set
 bounds,
To the pow'r and ambition of Rome.

Their laurels, bequeath'd from the fire to the son,
 Thro' ages unfading have bloom'd ;
The rays of their glory unclouded have shone.
 And their country's bleak shores have illum'd.
What heroes unnumber'd have clouded the scene,
 Well Europe's proud annals can tell !
For Freedom, regardless of danger and pain,
 How they fought, how they bled, how they fell !

And now that the tempest of war o'er the land,
 No more spreads its kindling alarms,
In the soft cares of peace let us join hand in hand,
 And in arts be as great as in arms.
Supported by Freedom, may Commerce encrease,
 And our shores her rich treasures invite,
May Science, extending the blessings of Peace,
 Diffuse the mild beams of her light.

And lo ! where a wreath of unfading renown
 For St Andrew the Virtues entwine,--
Those virtues, protected by him that have grown,
 Round his head shedding lustre divine :
O'er the pale cheek of poverty long be it ours
 Again to shed health's rosy bloom ;
And the eye that the torrent of misery pours,
 With joy and with hope to relume.

'Mong nations the first, as in Freedom in worth,
May Caledon still be proclaim'd :
Her daughters as bright as the morn of the North,
And her sons as their forefathers fam'd :
Let the tools of a faction, the minions of pow'r,
Court the smiles of Ambition and Wealth ;
Her favours on slaves partial Fortune may show'r,
Be ours Independence and Health.

Nor let the cold wish by a Briton be breath'd,
Which from selfish affection has birth ;
Those blessings to us by our fathers bequeath'd,
May they cheer all the nations on earth !
May Fame's loudest trump to each region proclaim,
'That the reign of the despot shall cease !
And mankind shall welcome, with joyous acclaim,
The æra of Freedom of Peace !

FINIS.

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